Letter from Leon Panetta on Desegregation

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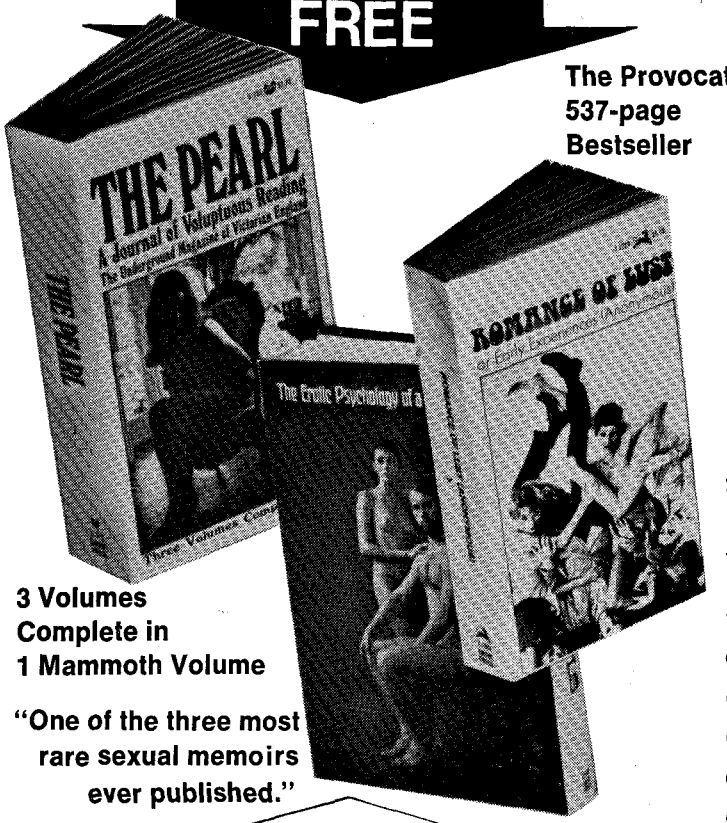

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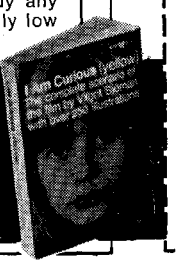

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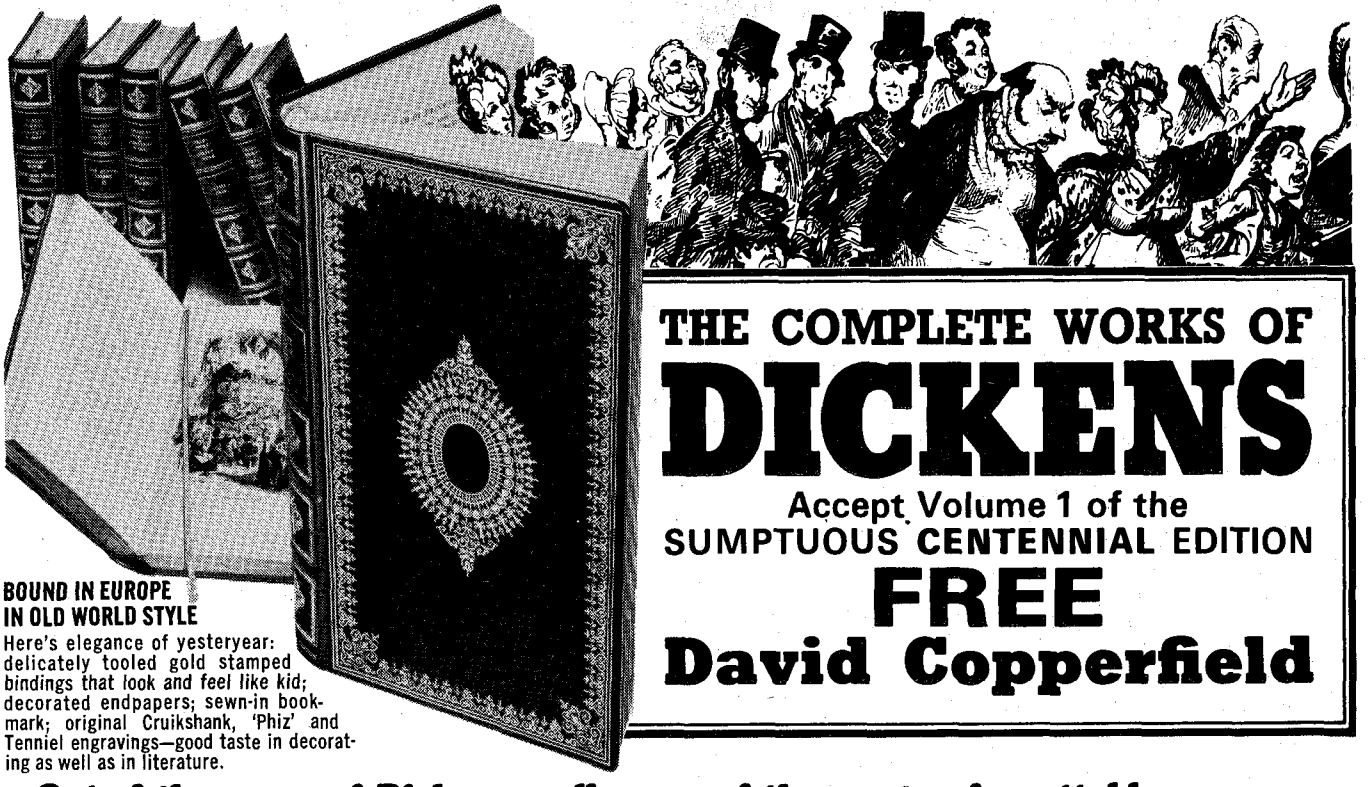

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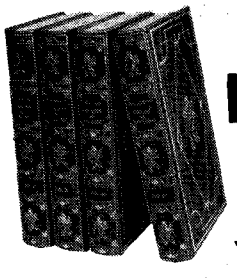

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The Trick of It

Lyndon Johnson was about to break his year's silence and we all sat or squatted in the Columbia TV studio for the advance showing, 30 or more, and most of us had journeyed with LBJ to the wars. Some liked him and some loathed him, but all now had exquisite curiosity.

The larger-than-life figure appeared with Walter Cronkite and from our group came gasps and ejaculations and simple, stunned silence. He had never wanted to be President? He knew he was unfit for the job? It was funny, really, to watch this special, strangled audience.

Then the next broadcast about the Vietnam decision, and peevish attacks at critics and sneers at advisers! The final seance with Cronkite comes May 2, on the Dallas assassination. Heaven help us.

And so I fished out my notes of five years ago, jotted as Johnson pleaded for a voting rights bill to a joint night session of Congress, March 15, 1965. Yes, here is where I toted up applause, with a stroke for each interruption and cross-bar for five, 40 times in all. He was making a tremendous moral appeal and his fervor projected to the audience and the country. It was magnificent.

"And these enemies, too," he said, "poverty, disease and ignorance – we shall overcome."

History, remember that. High-ho! Somehow we had thought that he might come out of his year's silence simpler and quieter, to be perhaps a moral factor. It is long since the nation had a politically conscious ex-President capable of moving crowds; there was Harry Truman for a while, and the books tell of Teddy. This one, too, had attributes of greatness. And here, over the tube, was a man living in the embittered past, seeking only self-justification.

The crowd of reporters came out into the night hardly knowing what to say. But being journalists they covered it with a veil of jokes and cynicism.

So we must come to terms with what we have – the Nixon Administration. Mr. Nixon isn't going before Congress to make an emotional appeal for civil rights. He fancies himself on foreign affairs and that may well be his dish, though probably his reputation will not rest on the 40,000 words of platitudes and tapioca of his first "State of the World" message.

Mr. Nixon is one of the most solitary and self-analytical of our Presidents. His wooing of the South led him to nominate two crashing nonentities to the high Court. Louis Pollak, dean of the Yale Law School, testified that Judge Carswell had "more slender credentials than any nominee for the Supreme Court put forth in this century." And on school desegregation, its enemies have taken another scalp, Leon Panetta, resigned head of HEW's Office of Civil Rights, the enforcement section, whose letter appears in this issue. Panetta, a Republican, thought he knew where the Administration stood, found he didn't and was pushed (or jumped) out of the Administration window. Minority Leader Hugh Scott (R, Pa.) tried to tell the Senate where Mr. Nixon stood. He found that segregationist Stennis (D, Miss.) knew better than he did, and was publicly humiliated.

An odd strain runs through Mr. Nixon's long political career. We were reminded of it the other day in a letter to the *Washington Post* by William Rehnquist, Assistant Attorney General, replying to two anti-Carswell editorials. Rehnquist asked if the *Post* wanted a restoration of the Warren Court's "liberal majority" with "further expansion of the constitutional rights of criminal defendants, of pornographers, and of demonstrators."

An attack on Carswell, you see, implied that you favored pornographers. Rather far-fetched, of course, but with practice you get the trick. It traces back a long way. Find the thing the public hates most and then associate your opponent with it. The technique was instituted by Murray Chotiner, who managed Mr. Nixon's Senate campaign in 1950 and created the "Pink Sheet" that linked the Democrat to Communism. Mr. Chotiner, whose private lobbying for two clients in 1956 brought a Senate investigation, is back in the picture again, a $36,000-a-year government lawyer, who traveled to San Clemente recently, and is one of Mr. Nixon's few intimates.

Mr. Nixon used the technique on various platforms; against Adlai Stevenson ("a PhD all right, from the Acheson college of Cowardly Communist Containment"); or Truman ("When the Eisenhower Administration came to Washington we found in the files a blueprint for socializing America"). But that is all over and done with now, thank heaven; Theodore H. White in his book on the 1968 election says so. Mr. Nixon is today a new and changed man, secure and confident, White says.

Mr. Nixon hardly needs to use the old technique when he has those around him who use it so successfully, and who put their heart in it, too. Some time ago we noted the three articles in *The New Yorker* by Richard Harris about Attorney General Mitchell. Now the Harris book is out, *Justice: The Crisis of Law, Order, and Freedom in America* (Dutton).

It does for the new Administration what Joe McGinnis did for the candidate in his *The Selling of the President*. The cumulative details of the Mitchell story have a devastating effect.

Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark refused to prosecute the Chicago Eight, believing it would give the outrageous defendants just the forum they wanted. But Mitchell grabbed the chance and now we have assorted martyrs, and no end in sight. It is the hour of hate and heavy-handedness. Mayor Daley's refusal to grant permits helped create the original riots. (In 1886 Chicago police killed and wounded half a dozen laborers seeking the eight-hour day, followed by the Haymarket bomb.)

Meanwhile Spiro Agnew has picked America's hate-figures and associated them with Mr. Nixon's critics: War opponents, intellectuals, Eastern Establishment, *NYTimes*, young people, authors of "dirty movies," permissive parents, "supercilious sophisticates," colleges that give quota admissions to blacks, anyone different from you and me and particularly me. Deepening unemployment may stoke the hate. Who will bring us together again?

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The Nixon Doctrine

"Vietnamization" and "pacification" notwithstanding, there is no intention of withdrawing all American combat forces from Vietnam. Worse, the prospect for the 1970s is a whole row of Vietnams. That is the inner meaning of President Nixon's foreign and military policies as he explained them in his message to Congress last week. The "Nixon Doctrine" turns out to be quite opposite to what a lot of fair-minded people thought. There's plenty of "platitudes" and "tapioca" in it, as TRB notes. But that's not all. This country has defense commitments to over 40 nations. Mr. Nixon announces he will honor them all. Poor Senator Mansfield, who had interpreted the Doctrine to mean a cutback on assorted Asian claims on our military power.

The Doctrine's limits, according to its creator, are that this country won't "conceive *all* the plans, design *all* the programs, execute *all* the decisions and undertake *all* the defense" [Mr. Nixon's italics] of other nations. But we never did pretend to do all that, even in the era of John Foster Dulles. The Doctrine assures our Asian friends, however, that "the United States will participate" in their defense; that it will do so in two ways, one of which seems new and startling: The US will "provide a shield" to Asians who may be threatened with nuclear attack. (Senator Symington alleged last week that American nuclear weapons are already being secretly deployed abroad.) In addition, we will furnish "appropriate" military assistance to Asian governments judged to be threatened in other ways – such as by their own people, as in Vietnam. "Appropriate" military aid includes the use of American combat troops, though Mr. Nixon believes that American forces should not "do what local forces can and should be doing." On the other hand, "if we do too little to help them – and erode their belief in our commitments – they may lose the necessary will to conduct their own self defense," a remarkable proposition even in a message that is studded with oddities. The President concludes that "if we limit our own involvement, in the interest of encouraging local self-reliance, and the threat turns out to have been more serious than we had judged, we will only have created still more dangerous choices." It will be left to the President, of course, to decide what these "more dangerous courses" are, assisted by his National Security Council, and for all practical purposes without much interference from Congress. The message leaves little doubt

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what the probable decision will be. Mr. Nixon explains that "a direct combat role" for Americans "arises primarily when insurgency has shaded into external aggression or when there is an overt conventional attack." Who on earth said there would be "no more Vietnams" while Nixon (and Henry Kissinger?) are in the White House?

The statement that any threatened Asian nation should "assume the primary responsibility of providing the manpower for its defense" is, in context, like saying Smith is responsible for the safety of his residence until someone smells smoke. Even the Thieu government has been providing most of the firemen in Vietnam. The main burden of fighting the fire has nevertheless fallen on more than half a million American troops. In the terms of the Nixon Doctrine as it is now spelled out, much the same situation could arise in Thailand, in Laos, in Cambodia. Mr. Nixon affirms his intent to maintain in Asia in the seventies the US ground, naval and air forces necessary "for simultaneously meeting a major Communist attack [and] assisting allies against non-Chinese threats."

To put the proposition plainly, Mr. Nixon has now as good as guaranteed that America will be an active participant in future Asian wars which may result either from domestic unrest or national rivalries. That should be enough to chew on for the optimists who have been predicting a reordering of national priorities and sharp cutbacks in the US military budget.

The silent majority

As for the present war, the President does not rule out reescalation. Though he claims that the Vietcong now control less than ten percent of the rural population and expresses hope "that the level of combat can be further reduced," he renews his November 3 threat to Hanoi: "If I conclude that increased enemy action jeopardizes our remaining forces in Vietnam, I will not hesitate to take strong and effective means to deal with that situation." American action has increased; we have enormously stepped up our bombing of Laos. "Restoring the neutrality" of Laos is an integral part of any Vietnam settlement Mr. Nixon has in mind.

At the same time, the President reemphasizes the weight of the American stake in Europe, and delivers a sharp warning to Russia that "the United States would view any effort by the Soviet Union to seek predominance in the Middle East as a matter of grave concern." No doubt the security of Europe against any possible Soviet attack is a vital concern of ours, though no more vital to us than to the Europeans themselves. The Middle East too may be a vital American interest. But what is that interest? And what are we prepared to pay for its defense? And is the preservation of every non-Communist regime in Asia in our vital interest also? Wasn't it Mr. Nixon who once warned against our being "nibbled to death"? Did he not once seem to endorse Hans Morgenthau's proposition that "the resources even of a world power fall short of its interests"?

We must conclude that the President's eyes are bigger than our stomachs. He declares that "our interests must shape our commitments." But until last week's official unveiling, the thrust of the "Nixon Doctrine" was imagined to be that even the United States could not, should not, pretend to the role of world cop everywhere, simultaneously. The veils are lifted. Mr. Nixon comes forward as the global sergeant who can't bear to yield up any part of his beat and is robustly eager to extend it. Under the Nixon Doctrine, there is scarcely a guerrilla-threatened jungle or desert anywhere that may not become an ambush for American troops who have been dispatched to fight an "insurgency" the White House decides "has shaded into" aggression. Providing all and sundry in Asia with some kind of shield against "a nuclear power" is even more ominous than the peripatetic Mr. Agnew made it seem. For now, it's the President who's saying it.

There is no evidence of a nuclear threat to Asian countries. But having declared there is one, Mr. Nixon has to assume in logic that this country too is threatened not only by Soviet missiles, multiple warheads, submarines and "a semi-orbital nuclear weapon system," but by "the kind of nuclear attack which Communist China is likely to be able to mount within the decade," and also by "accidental or unauthorized attack from any source." Albania, perhaps. So add $11-$50 billion for ABM. The Doctrine doesn't come cheap.

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Stennis and Schools

We seem to be nearing a new stage in the formation of national attitudes and policy on integration of the races in public schools. The Senate has been debating the question, not without emotion, but in a relatively rational frame of mind, for a couple of weeks, and there have been two statements out of the White House, the last over the signature of the President himself. The Administration will carry out the law, said Mr. Nixon. In doing so, it will be guided by three objectives: It will seek to keep to a minimum disruption of the educational routine of children, preserve the neighborhood school, and frame rules of law that can apply uniformly throughout the country.

The President's statement, if somewhat obliquely, also offered support to moderate civic groups in the South which have exerted themselves on behalf of enforcement of court decrees, and against schemes that would weaken or destroy the public school system. He would not, we are asked to believe, encourage old-line segregationists, who have been stirring things up in the hope that the current nationwide mood of reevaluation might give them a second chance to obstruct *Brown v. Board of Education* and all its works. And the Cabinet-level committee on school integration under Vice President Agnew that the President has appointed may be more a George Shultz than a Spiro Agnew committee; more interested, therefore, one may hope, in the problem of the schools than in Southern comfort.

The intertwined objectives of desegregation and quality education do require a fresh look. And they do demand ultimately, as the President has suggested, national effort and application, not just regional. There are more elements involved in getting the best education for all children than only the legal rule laid down in *Brown v. Board of Education*. The challenge to the policy-maker in every community is to devise solutions that take account of all the aims of education – and to do that while conforming to the irreversible rule that the authority of government may not be employed, directly or indirectly, to force racial segregation in the schools, or in any public facilities.

But while solutions must ultimately be national in scope, there are significant regional differences. The situation in the South and in the North are not the same. HEW points out that 87.4 percent of the black students in Mississippi are enrolled in all-black schools; the figure for New Jersey is less than one percent. One must therefore take with some skepticism the proposal of Senator John B. Stennis of Mississippi, approved by the Senate last week (56-36), requiring that administrative rules of desegregation be "applied uniformly in all regions of the United States . . . without regard to the origin or cause of such segregation." The Senator's bonafides in this matter are suspect. For it is not uniform application which he seeks, but uniform non-application. Indeed, in the early stages of the debate Mr. Stennis made it quite clear that the purpose of his amendment was to generate sentiment for taking integrationist heat off the South. Thus: "When the problem gets on the doorstep of other states, their people will be passing laws and helping change the doctrine that is killing our schools."

Quite aside from its motivation, the Stennis legislation is premature, to say the least. A statement issued on Lincoln's Birthday from the Florida White House by the President's press secretary that "to the extent the uniform application amendment offered by Senator Stennis would advance equal application of the law, the Administration would be in full support of this concept," is, therefore, unfortunate, even though it was somewhat guarded. It would be scandalous at this late date to leave any impression that the persistence of de facto school segregation in Northern cities validates any claimed legal right to retain a dual public school system in the South.

Senator Stennis could hardly deny that many a Southern school district *has* resisted the elemental requirements of the Brown decision for years, and done so in the utmost bad faith, overtly and covertly, with every ingenious and disingenuous device available. That is why in, say, Mississippi, districts are often required to take measures that would not be imposed elsewhere. In light of Southern history, it is still necessary to exact from the South particularly convincing proof of obedience to the law of desegregation.

No to Carswell

Judge G. Harold Carswell of Tallahassee said when he was running for office in his native Georgia as a 28-year-old law school graduate, that he was "Southern by ancestry, birth, training, inclination, belief and practice," and consequently held to the principle of white supremacy and would always be so governed.

It has since transpired that in 1956, while United States Attorney in Northern Florida, he participated in forming a private golf club that took over a municipally owned golf course, which in turn would have had to be desegregated if it had remained municipally owned. The circumstances are ambiguous, and one can't be sure whether the still-youthful Mr. Carswell, then in his thirties, knowingly lent himself to a stratagem to avoid the desegregation of a public facility. It has since further transpired that in 1966, Judge Carswell, by then on the federal District Court bench, signed a deed to a plot of land, which included a covenant restricting future ownership, occupancy, and use "to

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members of the Caucasian race (except domestic employees employed by and residing with such Caucasian family)." It may be that the Senate ought not to try to keep the President from refashioning the Supreme Court in what he calls a "strict constructionist" image. But as we said when the Carswell nomination was first announced, neither racism nor the unrebutted appearance of racism belongs on the Supreme Court.

Judge Carswell has said again and again that he is "not a racist and I harbor no notions of racial superiority, which are themselves insulting and obnoxious." And he has added: "My record so shows." It is not easy at a distance to judge the man's sincerity, but his record does not "so show." His actions as a judge prove at most that he has not wilfully and consistently abused judicial power to racist ends. He has respected the limits of his function, and the responsibilities of his office. But the record does not rebut the prior evidence that he is, in his personal inclinations (which would have freer reign on a higher court), a white supremacist. Nor is there anything else known of his experience that may be viewed as having broadened him and changed his outlook. His experience has been restricted, but for military service, to the area of southern Georgia and northern Florida, where he was born, reared and educated.

All groups and regions in the country should have confidence in the integrity and impartiality of the Justices of the Supreme Court. That includes Southern whites, but it also includes upwards of 20 million blacks. The blacks are unlikely to summon the necessary confidence in a man who said what Judge Carswell said in 1948, and who while sitting on the federal bench in 1966 signed a deed selling a plot of land under a covenant of racial restriction. To be sure, the land belonged to Judge Carswell's wife, and his signature was a formality. But that is not the point. Judge Carswell was not somebody's elderly aunt, innocently signing whatever her lawyer passed her across the table. He was a federal judge, and those words about the Caucasian race should have leaped to his eye. Such a covenant is wrong as well as unenforceable under the law I am sworn to uphold, he should have said. Yet he signed. That is the record, and on it Harrold Carswell should not be confirmed.

Pompidou's France

Paris

"I am not General de Gaulle," George Pompidou reportedly tells his advisors when they suggest some innovation which he considers too controversial. No longer does the President of France pronounce majestically on what should be done about Vietnam, nor does he comment publicly about those US-Soviet talks which so annoyed de Gaulle. The old slogan "Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals" has been shelved; so has a Little Europe of the Common Market (minus Britain). There is no French meddling in Latin America and no encouragement of a "Free Quebec." George Pompidou wants reconciliation with the US; he proves it by picking Washington for his first foreign visit since becoming President of France. But, of course, so as not to irritate the Russian leaders, he will soon go to Moscow too.

Though rejecting a policy of "grandeur," President Pompidou is moving rapidly to build a sphere of influence in the southwestern Mediterranean, including the entire Arab world and that part of black Africa which was once under French colonial rule. The Arab world, bewildered by its defeats, alternately blames the United States for its aid to Israel, and an alleged insufficiency of Soviet aid. The Arabs are in the market for a third ally. Monsieur Pompidou is sympathetic; they are able to pay in oil.

To understand present French foreign policy, one must understand what is happening inside France. Frenchmen want to live much better than they do. To a great extent their industry is obsolete, their agriculture is also ridiculously old-fashioned and uneconomical. For decades the government's economic policy amounted to nothing more than protectionism. Agricultural subsidies encouraged the production of wheat and butter, of which there are immense surpluses. French exports have fallen far below expectations (meat is a good example; it was once a major export). French manufacturers and businessmen seem unwilling to work for an export trade, especially where the new markets are difficult to develop and require the granting of long-term credits; a French businessman wants quick and high profits. Confronted with a widespread demand for a higher standard of living, and by this unwillingness or inability to quickly raise productivity and output, the government has to take advantage of every opportunity it has to sell abroad. The chance to sell arms to the young junior officers who took power in Libya was quite welcome.

Yet the French are not altogether happy with an image of their nation as a *marchand des cannons*, a supplier of arms to anyone who can pay; or a France which will not supply arms to Israel for the reason that it wishes to do more business with the Arabs. A general embargo on arms would be a more popular policy. The blocking of arms shipments to Israel by de Gaulle, which he put into effect before the six-day war (and which was perhaps one reason why the Israelis struck when they did), deprived the French armament industry of its best client to date. Without foreign purchasers, the armament industry would have to close shop, putting tens of thousands of highly qualified workers out of jobs. The markets of the Arab-

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world and parts of Africa appear as the answer.

But in carrying out this policy, the Pompidou regime has been inept. The disappearance of five gunboats, which had been sold to Israel but then impounded in France, was attributable less to Israeli cloak-and-dagger skills, than to the connivance of French officials who had the private blessings of the Prime Minister. Likewise, the Pompidou government gained no reputation for credibility by reportedly denying it would sell planes to Libya, then announcing it would sell this many and then saying it would sell a few more than that.

The franc is weak. Old dreams of glory blew sky-high during the famous strikes and riots in the spring of 1968. The nation is still spending more than it is producing; its intellectuals, students, workers and farmers are disgruntled, hostile to the state and the political and social regime, but unable to formulate any positive alternative. No one knows whether this government can give the people what they demand, an improved standard of living, and can also make of France a stable, medium-sized power. Pompidou needs all the American sympathy and support he can get. He will be pleading for it this week in Washington.

Philip Ben

Accountability

The average citizen is aware that he is a technological illiterate; he does not feel qualified to decide between the scary, technical warnings of the consumer advocates and the soothing, equally technical assurances of the highly paid consultants for the corporations. Even when he sees first-hand the dramatic consequences of some grave imbalance created by an industrial process – as when chemical wastes in a nearby body of water spontaneously ignite into rivers of colored flames and stenching smoke – he is likely to be ignorant of the inner workings of the giant corporation responsible for poisoning and igniting his landscape. He may know that General Motors, although legally an individual, is a vast private government whose gross income is larger than that of many countries – $24 billion in 1969. He probably will not know, however, that GM contributes something like 35 percent of the nation's air pollution; or that GM, whose *hourly* earnings are $2.4 million, spent only $15 million last year in a desultory search for a pollution-free auto engine, or that GM has dragged its feet on demands that it make its cars safe; or that, as a member of the highway lobby, GM helps push through the federal highway programs that ravage many of our cities, and that it resists the construction of mass transit systems.

Citing such facts, consumer-environmental advocates like Ralph Nader have called for public access to the workings of large corporations like GM, a voice for the general public in their decisions, and more remedies against the consequences of their actions. The question is whether these vague goals can be made to mean something. Anybody who has reflected on ways to make universities more accountable to the public and to the people whose lives they directly affect, realizes the great difficulties involved: direct democracy may be impractical, and all the forms of representative government usually proposed do not satisfactorily assure accountability – who, precisely, is representing whom. Nevertheless, we do know that unchecked private power, together with unresponsive public power, is one of the chief threats to the health of society.

Hoping to clarify these issues, a group of Washington lawyers (some of them connected with the Project for Corporate Responsibility) has started a "Campaign to Make General Motors More Responsible." Supported by Nader, the campaign is an attempt to persuade the largest of our private corporate governments to take more account of the public interest. Nobody imagines the lawyers will be successful – together they own just 12 shares of GM stock. All they hope to do at this stage is dramatize the question of corporate responsibility to the public and to GM's 1.5 million stockholders – and to convince everyone of the impact of GM's decisions on our air, water and cities.

Three specific proposals will be submitted to the annual GM stockholders' meeting in Detroit this coming May. The first is an amendment restricting the corporation to those operations which are not "detrimental to the health, safety, or welfare of the citizens of the United States . . ." The second is to enlarge GM's board of directors from 24 to 27, adding three representatives of the public. The group's three candidates are Betty Furness, President Johnson's special assistant for consumer interests; René Dubos, the biologist and environmentalist; and the Rev. Channing Phillips, a political and civil rights leader in Washington, D.C. (If elected, Miss Furness would be the first woman on GM's board, and the Rev. Mr. Phillips would be the first black.) The third proposal is for a review of GM's role in the nation, including assessments of what has been done to produce pollution-free engines and safe cars, its hand in shaping national transportation policy, and, in general, the manner in which its economic power is used. Members of "Campaign GM" point out that previous efforts of people like Nader to raise such issues have been blocked by GM's refusal to open its files either to the public or to shareholders.

Campaign GM is another sign of the shift taking place in people's political sense from an earlier consciousness of themselves as producers to an emphasis

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on their role as consumers. It is characteristic that the reformers in this consumer-environment movement – like Nader himself – avoid linking their cause to politics. Their curiously neutral language, bristling with abstract nouns, is addressed to a large, aggrieved mass of people whose only common denominator is a sense of grievance. The "public" for consumer and environmental issues is as yet inchoate, unorganized, and, above all, apolitical. Its strength and staying power remain to be tested.

Phenomena like Campaign GM may, however, help form a more coherent body of public opinion, one that understands that the managers of our public and private institutions, those presiding over what John Kenneth Galbraith calls the "technostructure," are not as benign and public-spirited as observers like Galbraith had once hoped. They may be very different from previous elites, but their rise to power has not put an end to the necessity for political struggle – as some theorists of industrial harmony and consensus once assumed. As more and more consumer-environmental issues are raised, it will be made clearer that this technostructure will require constant criticism, its power constant checks from below.

Joseph Featherstone

Oil on the Waters

In the waters near Tampa and St. Petersburg, Fla., more than 10,000 gallons of heavy oil from a Greek tanker threaten beaches. Hundreds of birds have been suffocated and a massive rescue operation is under way to save thousands of other pelicans, gulls and ducks. Conservationists already are talking about millions of dollars in damage. Far to the north, scientists and environmentalists are saying the frigid waters off Nova Scotia may remain polluted for years. The breakup of a Liberian tanker there has revived Canadian fears that if supertankers regularly ply the Northwest Passage the now-clean Arctic waterway will be contaminated.

400,000 tons of oil are dumped into the oceans each year by tanker accidents and deliberate release of waste oil. A 1968 Presidential report noted that "the potential for oil pollution through deliberate deballasting alone appears to exceed 100,000 tons a year." About 19 million barrels of oil are moved every day by sea in the non-communist world; half the world's ocean cargo weight is oil, carried in more than 4000 tankers. This fleet causes pollution in two ways: 1 – By deliberate discharge of oil wastes in bilge pumpings and tank washings; a 50,000-ton tanker (small by modern standards) may have as many as 1200 barrels of oil cleaned from its tanks and dumped into the water after unloading. 2 – Through accidents at sea or while unloading or loading at port. There are about 1200 such accidents a year in the US. The most infamous accident, of course, involved the Torrey Canyon, which ran aground off England's Southwest coast in March, 1967, polluting beaches in England and France and killing at least 7000 sea birds. Tanker construction standards to minimize leakage and spillage are practically nonexistent.

Tanker accidents and deliberate spillage are only one part of the story. More than 10,000 wells today pump oil up from 30 major submerged areas of the continental shelves, representing an investment of $1-billion. California's Department of Fish and Game some time ago reported 180 oil spills annually, big and small, in the Los Angeles and Long Beach areas alone. Alaska, a state which is keeping a wary eye on possible pollution of the North Slope (where oil has been found in record abundance) and environmental damage from a pipeline planned to run 800 miles from the Slope to the port city of Valdez, reports an increasing amount of pollution in Cook Inlet, an offshore drilling site. More than 100 accidents occurred there in the last several years.

Wildlife and fish damage caused by oil accidents has been widespread. In the US, the list includes not only Santa Barbara but the York River in Virginia, the Illinois River near Peoria and the Cape Cod National Seashore in Massachusetts. Migratory waterfowl and native seabirds have been killed because of offshore drill leaks in the Baltic and Caspian Seas. Pollution off Cape Province, South Africa, has killed Cape, or Jackass, Penguins, a rare species found only in South Africa. Biologists think marine oil pollution is linked to the declining Razorbill population in the North Atlantic, off Quebec and Newfoundland. Last spring, more than 3000 migrating harp seals were found covered with oil in the Gulf of St. Lawrence north of Prince Edward Island, not far from the Nova Scotia breakup of the tanker Arrow. Dr. Richard E. Warner, professor of environmental biology at Memorial University in Newfoundland, reports on the migrating harp incident that, "death was especially gruesome, for the animals' flippers stuck to their bodies making swimming difficult or impossible, while the heavy, tar-like coating irritated the skin. The combination eventually stressed the anmals to the point of exhaustion and death."

Several international agreements deal with multinational regulation of maritime matters, but they generally skirt the issue of liability. The $7.2 million settlement made to France and England by the Torrey Canyon owners was voluntary, not statutorily mandated. Even the question of contingency plans among nations on how to deal with oil spills hasn't been resolved; it was the absence of such plans that caused delays in cleanup operations after the Torrey Canyon

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ran aground and began spewing out its cargo.

Here at home, federal laws call for penalties against tanker loading, unloading and deballasting accidents, but the statutes aren't enforced, as Sen. Clifford Case of New Jersey has been pointing out, with little success, for several years. It took the Santa Barbara disaster to arouse congressional interest in an oil pollution liability statute. The legislation remains stalled because House and Senate conferees continue to argue about how tough the final bill should be. Canada, on the other hand, enacted a liability law last year, and the Canadian government has said it will hold the operators of the broken-up tanker liable under the statute. But in Florida, Rep. William C. Cramer was quoted as saying that Humble Oil & Refining Co., charterer of the 691-foot-long tanker Delian Apollon, "didn't accept the slightest responsibility, even after the president of the company was informed of what had happened."

Equally absent is legislation and regulation aimed at prevention of tanker and offshore drilling accidents. Yet prevention is as important as liability: there are few effective means to clean up oil-coated water and beach. To date, most efforts have focused on chemical dispersants; which in effect dissolve the oil to a point where it spreads out so thin as not to be noticeable. But scientists are beginning to learn that dispersants are more damaging to marine life and ecology than oil itself. An official of the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration said chemicals used on Santa Barbara beaches caused the oil to penetrate more deeply into the sand, making the beach more vulnerable to tidal and wave action. The best way to fight the gunk, experts are beginning to say, is simply to soak up the oil with straw.

What's to be done? Enact a law making operators liable for damage, and make the fines heavy enough to hurt. Crack down, under present statutes, on pollution during port operations. Toughen international treaties on maritime activities.

Robert W. Dietsch

Economic Slowdown

The economic outlook contains good news and bad. There will be some diminution in the pace of the price advance during 1970, some monetary ease by midyear or earlier, and some recovery in the dismal level of stock prices at about the same time. The bad news is that there will be a rise in unemployment. From Milton Friedman to Walter Heller, practically all economists seem agreed on this. The skillful annual report of the President's Council of Economic Advisers spells out the prospects in about the same way.

Are we, then, on target – successfully laying a foundation of stability on the basis of which we may confront the more fundamental ills of our society? Or are we on the familiar see-saw, watching one end go up temporarily, while the other goes down? All available evidence points to the latter conclusion. Even the government's official economic report paints no rosy picture. By the end of 1970, the Council's economic report cautiously says, "the price level should be rising significantly less rapidly than at the beginning of the year," as the pace of economic activity is successfully dampened. At the same time, it concedes, there will be some "prospect of a rise in unemployment." Council Chairman Paul McCracken and the Council's expert on domestic affairs, Herbert Stein, avoided committing themselves on precisely how prices and unemployment may be expected to perform in the period, until finally placed on the grill in congressional hearings last week. It turns out that their prognosis is about the same as that of nongovernment economists, except for a slightly more optimistic outlook on unemployment.

The consensus centers on an inflationary pace of about 3½ percent, at an annual rate, by the end of this year. That forecast is shared by Friedman and the former LBJ adviser, Otto Eckstein of Harvard. Notice that a 3½ percent rise, though materially less than that of recent months, is still brisk. Except for 1968 and 1969 when inflation approached a Latin American gallop, we have to go back to the height of the Korean War to find so rapid a price rise. At a 3½ percent rate, the price level would double in 20 years, which no one in or close to authority would consider tolerable.

Like an aging film star whose glamor tends to fade in the close-up, the Administration's policy looks worse the nearer we get to it. Thus, most economists outside government who venture projections (including Eckstein, but not Friedman) now set the probable unemployment rate during 1970 at close to 5 percent of the labor force. The Council of Economic Advisers expects a rate of 4.3 percent. The nongovernment projections imply nearly 4 million jobless on the average, over the year, a larger figure than any since the recession year of 1961, when President Kennedy vowed to "move the country ahead." And since the 5 percent figure is an average, if their forecasts are right, we might expect that unemployment could approach 5 million in the middle of this year, or by the end of the year, depending on when the crunch comes. That's no way to fight poverty, even if welfare allowances are boosted to $1600 for a family of four, as the President proposes, and even if there is an expansion in manpower training for nonexistent jobs.

Certainly the President and his advisers are not planning a recession in time for the 1970 elections. What then can their strategy be? I believe they assume that monetary controls (adjustments in money supply and

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interest rates) have a delayed effect on economic conditions, the lag often extending to six months. Therefore, the severe monetary restraints of the second half of 1969, together with the present budgetary stringency, will slow the economy appreciably in the first half of this year. Before the year progresses too far, however, it is expected that Arthur Burns, new chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, will loosen the reins on the money supply with rather prompt repercussions on interest rates (which should go down), and on the stock and bond markets (which should go up). With easier money and some new life in residential construction, the pace of business activity should quicken a bit in the second half of 1970.

From a political standpoint, the rise in the number of unemployed, who are not preponderantly Republican voters anyway, will be balanced against a rising stock market, some reduction in inflation, and reasonably stable corporate profits, all of which should raise the spirits of the silent majority well before the November election. Corporate profits, relying heavily on government spending and the affluent middle class, have been astonishingly resistant to medium size recessions in recent years. In the recession of 1960-61, when unemployment zoomed to 7 percent, corporate profits before taxes fell by only 3 percent, and have risen very sharply since. From a political standpoint, the economic strategy of the Nixon Administration is far from suicidal.

But judged by the standard of the nation's economic welfare, and especially but not exclusively that of the weaker elements in our society, it is also far from satisfactory. It will leave us at the end of the year with a rate of inflation higher than we have ever considered tolerable – even higher than commonly considered tolerable in Europe. It will leave us with more people out of work. Will the Administration, then, renew its assault on inflation, after elections, and increase unemployment further? Can we be certain, even in 1970, that the calculated slowdown will not get out of hand and generate a bigger and longer drop than anticipated? In 1968, government economists, as well as most other forecasters, missed the boat almost completely on the pace of economic activity in 1969.

The wonder is that the Democratic party has failed, thus far, to settle upon an alternative and more promising strategy. True, Arthur Okun, former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Johnson, has spoken forcefully in favor of "jawboning" – informal selective control of prices and wages by Presidential suasion. This tactic could help some, retarding the price rise a bit without placing full reliance on a slowdown and the creation of unemployment. But despite vigorous jawboning by Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, inflation accelerated continuously from 1961 through 1968

Melville Ulmer

What Happened to The New Politics?

If the politically adrift are looking to the New Democratic Coalition (NDC) to seize control of the Democratic Party or launch a new party if necessary, they'd best forget it for the time being. Eighteen months have passed since the NDC was born in the travail of the hot '68 summer. Unnumbered thousands were then clamoring for a politics in which issues would have higher priority than personalities. One suspects many of them are still around. But they didn't come to Chicago for the first national NDC convention the weekend of February 13-15. Fewer than 500 showed up, from 28 states; they're still overwhelmingly white, middle class, with a heavy sprinkling of youth.

NDC's national operation has been meager; even so it is in debt. No sturdy new politics coalition has been built. Why? Perhaps exhaustion – physical, emotional and financial – is the best explanation. A lot of people left Chicago in 1968 drained, disillusioned. But also, there has been little support for NDC from key national figures, including Senator McCarthy himself. Nor are his chief financial angels of 1968 eager to help, as Blair Clark, McCarthy's 1968 campaign manager discovered during his brief tenure as NDC's finance chairman. Few members of the Kennedy apparatus, even from the second echelon, showed up for NDC's first major meeting. The Kennedy forces aren't going to put many eggs in that basket.

For all their accent on issues, potential recruits to a New Politics, like everyone else, need a personality to arouse them. They too look for charisma, style, emotional charge. Unlike the Goldwater forces which were quietly mobilized between 1960 and 1964 to take over the GOP, NDC doesn't have one such man. The response to potential Presidential candidates at the NDC convention made this plain. The only visible evidence of support was for Sen. Harold Hughes (D) of Iowa. A lot of delegates, particularly from the well-represented states of Iowa and Wisconsin, blossomed out with "Hughes in '72" buttons. Sen. Hughes chose to give a party unity speech in middle America style with frequent references to God. It won no new followers, although the Nebraska delegates felt Hughes could be very helpful in their efforts to replace Sen. Roman Hruska (R) with one of their own, University of Nebraska economics professor Wallace Peterson.

Sen. George McGovern was scorned on every side, partly because he journeyed to Wyoming some weeks ago to speak in behalf of hawkish Sen. Gale McGee, an NDC villain. There was talk of John Lindsay, but it was circumscribed by the fact that Lindsay has yet to decide where he wants to go and under what label. Few seemed to yearn for another round with McCarthy, although one suspects many would again enlist.

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So where's the action? In the states and cities and towns. That is where candidates are running this year, and most of the delegates appeared deeply involved in such campaigns as Alderman A. A. (Sammy) Rayner's attempt to win a House seat in Chicago's South Side district, or Rep. George Brown Jr.'s (D) bid to win the Senate seat in California, or Milt Shapp's second try for the governorship of Pennsylvania.

The debate over a policy statement drawn up by Arnold S. Kaufman, an NDC founder, illustrates the NDC dilemma. Delegates had little faith in the old Democratic Party. They had no difficulty with that part of the statement which said that "with important exceptions, Democratic Party leaders have responded to war and racism, the two fundamental issues of our day, with business as usual. Despite the ferment of 1968, little seems to have been learned, less improved." But the alternative – a new party – is made even less attractive by NDC's failure to build a real national coalition. They therefore adopted language which allowed that "new political parties have rarely achieved more than isolation and impotence. But Kaufman's statement that "organized efforts to win control of party machinery are a waste of time, found little favor, except in certain Southern states. Iowa delegates, noting that the Democratic Party's new state chairman, Cliff Larsen, is an NDC man, insisted this language be removed. So did the New Yorkers. It was.

So how is the coalition to provide the troops for the takeover? NDC members will have to settle for traditional methods, building local coalitions around candidates for everything from the school board to US Senator. NDC isn't doing it yet, but organizations *are* being developed, from the National Welfare Rights Organization (NWRO) to the Mexican-American Youth Organization (MAYO).

There is reason to believe that New Politics people could do better than expected, if issues are handled properly. For instance, the first major break in President Nixon's "middle America" consensus has been duly noted in the farm belt, where members of the National Farmers Organization (NFO) and the National Farmers Union (NFU) are fighting mad because of Nixon's farm policies. That could put a dozen GOP-held House seats in danger. But there were no spokesmen for NFO or NFU prominent at NDC's meeting.

There was even a reaction against the pollution issue. It was, some delegates thought, a phony issue created by the press, one that would detract attention from the war and racism. Apparently, the oppressed don't breathe contaminated air. One panel speaker made the incredible suggestion that the pollution issue be "left to the Young Republicans." This remark was greeted with applause. One can be certain the leaders of the Democratic Party's old labor-civil rights-farm coalition, an alliance that is being carefully revived and nourished in many areas, won't make that mistake.

NDC has a goodly number of sound state organizations – in Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, New York, Alabama, Connecticut, Washington, New Mexico. It needs no more than a clearing house nationally to maintain its communications network in operation. Anyway the next national election is two years distant. If NDC is to become a potent national force by then, and it is anything but at the moment – it will have to cast the long shadow of powerful state and local organizations capable of electing large numbers of candidates. Back to the grassroots!

Paul R. Wieck

The Nixon Watch

Agnew's Effect

They no longer pretend at the White House that Vice President Spiro T. Agnew speaks only for himself and not for Mr. Nixon. Reporters who are foolish enough to ask for it are told the old lie, in a half-hearted way, but they are not expected to believe it. Agnew himself says that "the President and I talk – not what you would call frequently, not on a daily basis, but frequently enough that I am aware of any departures in his thinking that might affect what I say." Nixon's speech writers prize and acknowledge their assignments to draft Agnew speeches. Patrick Buchanan deplores reports that he has written some of the more abrasive ones, not because the reports are false, but because Agnew resents any indication that he is a mouthpiece for others and the stories might impair a working relationship that Buchanan and his colleagues have come to value. Another Nixon writer, William Safire, suffered the pains of a neglected author when the national press ignored one of Agnew's accounts, delivered in California, of his recent tour through Asia. The President sent him on that trip with a warm expression of confidence, welcomed him home with pride, and then dispatched him around the country to explain his explanation to Asians of "the Nixon doctrine." This simple task requires the Vice President to say, with homey embellishments, that the United States intends to involve itself less in the world at less cost to itself while maintaining the involvements. Agnew's way of saying this goes over well and he is thought at the White House to have accomplished both the trip and his subsequent promotion of it as a major contribution to US foreign policy with laudable aplomb.

Agnew evidently agrees. His recent show of confidence in himself and in his standing with the President is formidable. He fielded with total composure the suggestion on a recent television program that he just might displace Nixon as the Republican candidate

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for President in 1972 ("it would be ridiculous") and said with equal calm that he wouldn't rule out running for the Presidency in 1976. The fact that he has risen since last October from national ridicule to national acclaim upon the backs of sundry effete snobs, self-styled intellectuals, New Leftists and dissident riffraff does not disturb him any more than it appears to disturb Mr. Nixon – which is to say, not at all. As they say at the White House, why should it? At the last over-all count, through January, Agnew had received 149,000 letters and telegrams in less than four months and all but 10,000 of them approved of him and of what he had been saying. Now, after his detour into foreign statesmanship, he is back to saying the same things with modifications that are not really modifications but subtle reiterations of the themes that have aroused precisely the responses that he and the President intended to arouse. They count upon the responses from "the great silent majority" and from their "Middle America" of frustrated and embittered citizens to win congressional seats and governorships for the Republicans this year and to win the Presidency again in 1972, by a solid majority vote rather than by the minority that elected Nixon and Agnew in 1968.

One of the themes was and still is the attack upon all news media and the threat to the federally licensed media of radio and television that Agnew began late last year with his speeches at Des Moines and Montgomery. In this he has been and still is greatly assisted by the attacked media, their masochistic drivel to the effect that he merely raised legitimate news coverage and commentary, and the fatuous acceptance of his recent assertion in Baltimore that he was "calling off the war." That was the concluding line of a speech in which he said that he was happy to be back home at "my favorite time of the year in Maryland, that wonderful time when the Sunpapers are on strike" (the *Baltimore Sun*, morning and evening, had been shut by a pressmen's strike since January 2). He said in a spitting shout that the same papers disposed of their garbage by printing it, salted in a crack at the "guerrilla theater" of blacks and antiwar people who were demonstrating outside the hall, and preceded his closing line about calling off the war with the remark that "I have a great respect for the free media." The free media reported with supine absence of comment his boast – a boast that comes over to me from my tape recorder in a tone of gloating malice – that "somehow when I look around the tube from time to time, I feel that I've had a modicum of success here and there."

Agnew meant that he feels, as do many others at the White House, that television in particular treats him and the Administration generally with more care, that it carries more conservative and therefore friendly comment or non-comment on Administration pronouncements, than it did before he opened up on it with his brutal reminders that it is a licensed business. On *Face the Nation* the following Sunday, he was handled with great gentility by two CBS men and a magazine reporter. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to put you on the spot," George Herman of CBS said in apology for one of the tougher questions, none of which was very tough. The panelists let him get by, as reporters generally have done, with his irrelevant claim that he has not been "advocating censorship," which he and the federal government have no power to impose. They didn't ask him whether he has been practicing intimidation, which he as Vice President does have the power to do and has been doing and is still doing. They didn't ask him, either, whether he intends to resume "the war" when and if he chooses. I asked that question at the White House and was told by Agnew's press spokesman, Herbert Thompson, that the Vice President is prepared to resume it and will resume it whenever and if he considers that "the situation requires it."

A fallout response to his attacks upon the news media and upon the "whole zoo" of American dissent is perfectly apparent to Agnew, to others at the White House, and to the President. This is the extraordinary volume and virulence of the expressions of hates and antipathies that his performance has evoked. Much of it – some of it directly to Agnew, more of it to broadcasters, commentators, publishers, public speakers who differ in the slightest with him and with what he is understood to be saying – takes the form of the most atrocious racism, including anti-Semitism. The day before this was written, a Washington station that had dared to interview a militant black professor in California was denounced for "throwing shit in the face of us Caucasions" by a letter writer who cited Agnew in support of his view. Norman Isaacs of Louisville, the president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, has reported to Herbert Klein, the President's director of communications, the anti-Semitic filth that he draws with his speeches denouncing what he considers to be the Vice President's blatant threats against the licensed news media. "My God," Isaacs recalls Klein saying in reply, "those people are kooks. They don't represent America." Granted. But they consider that Agnew represents them and speaks for them, and they tell Agnew so. His staff spokesmen say that he has been surprised and deeply distressed by this part of the response he elicits. He is also said to reply only in the most formal terms to the many complaints he receives against news media and commentators, some addressed directly to him and some marked "Copy to the Vice President." But, his meaningless suspension of "the war" aside, he has done nothing whatever to moderate or alter the line of talk that draws the response and in fact has stepped up its intensity and frequency in recent weeks.

Eric Sevareid of CBS is one of the many commentators who do not agree that they have consciously mod-

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erated their handling of Administration and other news, including the news that Agnew makes, but do concede that they are now forced to function in an atmosphere of public and official surveillance. The atmosphere is attended by such events as a Washington, D. C. educational station's cancellation of a critical teleview of the Vietnam war, and by the sudden effort of a group including several Nixon friends and former business associates to snatch a Miami television station away from the *Washington Post-Newsweek* organization, one of Agnew's particular targets and one at which he is still taking pot-shots. Sevareid said recently in an interview that he felt as if Agnew had thrown "a pail of garbage" at him, and the other day he set forth a theory that may explain the Agnew performance in part. Discrediting the media, he said, could be "one way for a government to protect itself from having its own credibility gap." It also could be, though I have little hope that it will be, one way for this Administration to create its own credibility gap. Agnew raised that hope the other day when he said, in one of his characteristic assays at sweet reason: "You cannot build an enduring majority in this country by appealing to passions and prejudices that contradict the best and most basic ideals of its people. And the Republican Party of Richard Nixon does not intend to try."

Note: In a discussion last July of the Administration's waffling on school integration, I wrote that "If Leon Panetta is the believer in firm enforcement that many civil rights leaders have thought him to be, he won't be at HEW much longer." Panetta quit last week after 11 months as director of HEW's Office for Civil Rights – forced out by Nixon, at the insistence of Southern segregationists in Congress. Panetta *believes* in integration; Nixon doesn't; and after this a new Cabinet group to deal with the problem, headed by Agnew, cannot be expected to show much belief in it, either.

John Osborne

"Why Do You Think They Call It 'Dope'?"

Unselling Drugs

by David Sanford

Signature Magazine, published by Diners Club for its credit card holders, recently carried an article titled "Speed Street" which lumped together all illicit drugs under the term "speed." A parent who read the story and then told his son not to smoke speed would be laughed out of the house. There probably isn't a 17-year-old kid in the country who doesn't know that speed is a word for amphetamine and that you can drop it, snort it or shoot it, but you can't smoke it.

Drug abuse education, when it is patent misinformation, is worse than useless. Harry Von Zell, who will be remembered by old-timers as the announcer on the Burns and Allen TV show, does a radio spot commercial for something called the Government Educational Foundation, which has nothing to do with the government and, it seems, little to do with education. The commercial is anti-marijuana; the message is that marijuana is a real leader; it leads to heroin. Not even the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs claims that any more. In 1937 the Narcotics Bureau called marijuana "a powerful narcotic in which lurks Murder, Insanity, Death." The official line now is that marijuana is not a narcotic, although it may be "psychologically habituating" and that there is nothing in the drug itself that leads to use of heroin. Harry Von Zell, therefore, doesn't seem to know what he is talking about, and there is no one more distressed with his effort at drug abuse education than the federal government itself, whose recent drug abuse education activities have been rather scrupulously correct.

The antidrug commercials commissioned by the National Institute of Mental Health (part of HEW) are professional, entertaining and avoid unsubstantiated claims. "The Truth about Marijuana," for instance, is a 60-second spot for TV or radio featuring the easy voice of Rod Serling, who says, "Why doesn't anyone tell the truth about marijuana? 'Smoke pot . . . and you wind up hooked on heroin!' 'Man, it's cleaner than alcohol!' 'It's the first step right into the psycho ward.' 'There's just no reason to keep it illegal!' Today, not one of those statements is true. Because to date, not one is based on scientific fact. Millions of dollars are being spent this year on research to get these facts. But there's one fact you should know now. Possession of marijuana in the United States is a felony . . ." (This "truth" will change when it becomes a misdemeanor.)

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Over the past two years the National Institute of Mental health has developed a "multi-media" drug abuse education program which has used television, radio, magazines, newspapers, posters, comic books, and pamphlets to communicate what is known about narcotics and other drugs, to high school and college students, blacks and suburban housewives who are careless with diet pills. The campaign has used the latest "scientific" information and the skill of the advertising industry to "unsell" drugs. The results, measured in terms of audience reaction and other commercial indices are impressive. With an annual appropriation of $800,000 NIMH has got millions of dollars worth of free air time for its spots. Virtually every radio and television station in the country has run them, including hard-rock stations which are under no obligation to. Twenty million requests for information about drugs have been generated. The commercials have won prizes (Hollywood Radio and Television Society; New York Art Directors Club, etc.). But no one knows or will guess how many drug users have stopped or how many vulnerable children have not started taking drugs because they saw Rod Serling, Barbara Bain, Martin Landau or the Everly Brothers talk down drugs on TV. The evidence seems to be that during the same period the NIMH commercials have run, heroin addiction has become a major problem in middle class neighborhoods and in the high schools and marijuana has come to be smoked by millions.

NIMH Communications Director Gerald Kurtz says that turning kids off drugs was never the goal. "We had hopes but never really believed that media could do that." What has happened is that the ad campaign has stimulated inquiries and got groups like PTA's, Kiwanis, and others concerned about drugs.

It is good, for purposes of believing in the government, not to know too much about how NIMH's ads are made, or by whom, or anything about what the Nixon Administration has planned for later in the year. For example, the boy in the LSD commercial who Rod Serling says is having a bad acid trip is an actor. He did take acid for the commercial but the viewer of the film doesn't know what's acid and what's acting. Grey Advertising Inc., the New York ad agency that produced all the ads, posters, and TV spots also does all the advertising for Old Gold Filters. Rod Serling, the sometime writer, became a hot commercial property as a result of his drug commercials, so he now does little pitches for another drug-oriented society – the users of Anacin.

The contract that NIMH had with Grey expired last year, although many of the spots are just now being seen by the public. The ads were so successful (in getting noticed) that other federal agencies concerned with drugs sought to get into the act. Richard (operation intercept) Nixon has proposed more liberal drug laws and decided to combat drug abuse on a coordinated, interagency basis, under the direction of Coach Bud Wilkinson, his special consultant. And the Advertising Council, the business group that sponsors public service ads, sometimes at the request of government agencies, decided to volunteer its services. The Grey Advertising agency wanted to continue handling the drug campaign, out of public spiritedness and for the inevitable business that comes the way of an agency that does successful public service work and gets publicity for it. But Grey was associated with NIMH and its medically oriented approach to drugs, and the Nixon concerted drug-abuse education program was to involve the Justice Department (which houses the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs) and the Defense Department (which has drug problems with its troops) as well. They favored a fresh approach by a new agency. The experienced Grey Advertising firm was abandoned for a second New York agency, Compton Inc., 625 Madison Avenue. Compton's smoking client is El Producto cigars.

NIMH advertising people are distressed, principally because the $800,000 they administered in the field will now be spread around various government agencies; NIMH will be merely a party to decisions where once it was in charge. They fear that what they regard as their own scientific and compassionate approach to drugs will give way to the cruder, more punitive approach of John Mitchell. As for Bud Wilkinson, one NIMH man claims "he told us he doesn't know *anything* about drugs."

Lester Cohen of the Compton agency gave a demonstration in Washington this month of the campaign his agency, already contracted to do the work, would like to produce. It will begin with the preteenage market – as yet untapped – and proceed to high school and college students, poor blacks, parents, and the military. It will bring in the schools and teacher training as well, in ways the White House will announce shortly. Cohen says the advertising will try to "unsell the concept that drug taking is hip, dehip it, change basic attitudes toward the taking of drugs." Techniques employed will not include information about the hazards or effects of drugs, but will in the main be a subtle attempt to reduce "peer pressure" by ridiculing drug takers and making kids who don't take drugs out to be heroes. Cohen suggested hypothetically that he would get Joe Namath (Joe Namath!) to say "You kids not messin' around with drugs, hang in there." "What I think we need," Cohen goes on "is a battle cry, a slogan – and I hate slogans – a little wisecrack, a mind hook, something like 'Why do you think they call it dope?' "

Compton, if all goes as planned, should be ready with its antidrug ads by spring, at which time NIMH spots will be phased out and Rod Serling will go the way of little Speedy AlkaSeltzer, the victim of an ad agency shift and a new approach to marketing, in this case unselling drugs.

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Report from a Police State

How Thieu Rules

by Don Luce

Saigon

"Mien Duc Thang is a pacifist, pacifists are neutralists, and neutralism is against the law." So explained a member of the Vietnamese military tribunal system after the 24-year-old singer/composer was sentenced on January 23, 1970 to five years imprisonment at hard labor by the III Corps Tactical Zone Mobile Military Court. Thang was tried for "acts which weaken the anti-communist spirit of the Army and the Republic of Vietnam" (article 17 of Decree law 004/65 signed by Nguyen Van Thieu on July 19, 1965).

In 1967 Thang had allowed the Saigon Union to mimeograph 500 copies of his "Songs from the Deserted Fields." Their theme is anti-war. Sample lyrics: "I don't want to kill my brothers so I become a prisoner of war; I don't want to kill people to become famous"; "The Motherland has tombstones, the Motherland has snack bars. . . . The Motherland is noisy with bombs; the Motherland is noisy with the tread of armored cars"; "Sleep well my child. When you grow up kill your friends and brothers. Tomorrow, when you grow up, sell your country and become an officer."

But why, if the songs are objectionable, did the government wait until 1970 before trying Thang. The best answer comes from a member of one of the military courts: "President Thieu is afraid that there will be a peace movement here like in the US. We had to make an example out of Mien Duc Thang. If the US had been strong right in the beginning, you wouldn't have all the trouble with your pacifists now." On January 13 in Vung Tau, the South Vietnamese president said, "the movement of coalition and neutralism must be crushed at once in order that it cannot become a virus which will spread through the population."

Is Thieu overreacting, or is he running scared? "Thieu is trying to destroy the middle-ground," claims one Buddhist leader here. "He is afraid that if the people who are in the middle appear to offer a viable political alternative, then the US would back such a group. Thus, he has concentrated his efforts against the progressive elements, knowing the Americans will not desert him if there is no other alternative to a communist government in Saigon."

President Thieu has definitely thrown his lot in with the military. Not only are he, Vice-President Ky and Prime Minister Khiem military men, but so is every province chief, and most of the district chiefs as well. The president seems to feel that this power base is sufficient and has done little to broaden his base beyond the military. His lack of respect for the National Assembly has been blatant. In December, for example, he urged it to expel three members he considered "pro-communist." (Within two weeks pro-Thieu forces had organized a demonstration at the National Assembly against the three "guilty" deputies, and driven all the deputies from the building.)

The students have not yielded to Thieu's threats, however. "The youth are the first to appear on the scene to express their views to the people," writes *Sinh Vien* (The Student), the voice of the 30,000 member Saigon Student Union. "Whenever people are squeezed and repressed in violence, the students are ready to protest loudly and demonstrate."

On December 27, a thousand of them gathered at the College of Agriculture for a songfest. The meeting was broken up by the National Police and 13 student leaders arrested. A few days later they were released, but within a week Nguyen Van Quy, president of the Student Union, was at the Quang Trung Army Training Camp. "Just routine training," one government official explained. Perhaps, but the message was clear: challenge the authority of the government and you'll soon be in the army.

The most frightening prospect for the young is to be made a *lao cong chien truong* (LCCT) or "coolie of the battlefield." These are young men whom the

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Mr. Luce *went first to Vietnam in 1957 as an agriculturist. From '61 to September, 1967 he was director there of the International Volunteer Service, and since June, 1965 has been studying problems of post-war reconstruction for the World Council of Churches.*

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government has singled out to carry munitions, dig trenches, do the most dangerous jobs. The initials LCCT are sewn in bright red letters onto the backs of the uniforms. One "coolie of the battlefield" explained: "I was in the Buddhist student movement and put in jail. Then I was released directly to the army to become an LCCT. I carry munitions to the men under fire, but I'm not allowed to carry a gun. On operations, I have to walk ahead of the other soldiers. At night I cannot sleep in the tents. I must sleep on the inside perimeter of the barbed wire enclosure. The only good thing is that the VC usually don't shoot us."

The laws are vague; people can be sentenced to five years for "weakening the fighting spirit of the armed forces and people." Records of the convicted are often lost. People put in jail for exactly the same crime may get different sentences. Treatment in jail depends on where the prisoner is sent and his ability to pay off the prison officials. Torture and brutality are widespread: electrodes attached to sensitive parts of the body, water forced into the mouth and nose, beer bottles forced into girls' vaginas, constant beatings.

Often people are jailed but never tried. By the end of 1969, there were approximately 50,000 people detained without trial, according to the Vietnamese Senate joint Interior and Judiciary Committtee. One of Saigon's leading newspapers, *Quyet Tien* (Determined Progress), commented that this number "was never reached before, even under the dictatorial regime of the Ngo [Dinh Diem] Dynasty."

The size of the National Police has grown with the repression. In 1963, there were 16,000 policemen in the country; there are now over 80,000. According to US public safety advisors, the plan is to increase the police force to about 120,000 in 1970 and 163,000 by 1973. In 1969, the US put more than twice as much aid into public safety as it did into education.

Thieu can repress the students indefinitely; the Cambodian monks can be held virtual prisoners in their pagoda; Venerable Tri Quang can be carefully watched at the An Quang Pagoda. "But the effect of all this is to deepen resentment," claims a former vice-presidential candidate of Vietnam's 1967 elections. "The mistake of the US and Thieu is to believe that this war is primarily a military one. It is not. It is a political war. The present policies are destroying any chance of a successful struggle against the communists. Time is running against us. Nationalism works for the communists because our generals all fought for the French; anti-Americanism works against us because the Thieu government is held in power by the United States."

Each year's new officer corps is made up of students, most of whom hate the Thieu regime. An anti-war movement is starting among the young Vietnamese officers. "Right now," one of them says, "we are too disorganized to stage a *coup d'etat*. The government shifts us around too much for us to be really effectively organized. But what would happen if General Duong Van Minh or General Tran Van Don should challenge the Thieu regime? Ask the young military officers what they would do then!"

They would split. The older, Northern, Catholic generals would follow Thieu, as would a large percentage down to the rank of captain. At the lower levels, many would respond to almost any call that appeared to have a chance of usurping Thieu's power. Given that split, it appears likely that an NLF takeover would result – short of Nixon sending large numbers of US combat troops back to Vietnam, a move that would create additional political problems in Vietnam.

The repressiveness of the government is pushing more young people into the NLF each month. Two years ago, young people said they hated the VC and hated Thieu. Now they hate Thieu and dislike the NLF. The view of the young is described in the student magazine, *Sinh Vien:* "The military strategy of the allies has changed from a search-and-kill strategy to a push-back-and-protect one and finally to a completely defensive one. . . . They began by saying they would defeat the communists in three years, then five years, then ten years, and finally they can declare nothing at all. B-52s, electronic barriers, red rays (only the use of the atomic bomb has been lacking). . . . Still the Vietcong forces haven't diminished and the infiltration rate of the North Vietnamese army increases regularly."

What would the students have the US do? There are extremes on both ends of the political spectrum, but the middle-of-the-roaders would say: "Announce a major withdrawal now, at least 100,000 in a two month period. This is the best way to get Thieu to broaden his base enough so that a coalition government would be possible. But please understand, we are sick of death; among ourselves we can solve our problems better than with a half million soldiers killing Vietnamese and with your government supplying an unlimited amount of weapons and munitions with which Vietnamese can kill Vietnamese."

One American scholar who has been here several years summarizes the present US plan as "giving the Vietnamese exactly the same things we had to fight a war we couldn't win. We realize our strategy was unsuccessful so now why are we providing the Vietnamese with the means to do exactly the same things?"

COMING: Harry Kalven, Jr. comments on the verdict in the trial of the "Chicago seven"

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Dom Juan

(Comédie Française)

Kaspar and Other Plays by Peter Handke

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux: cloth $4.95; paper $1.95)

The Comédie Française is now touring this continent in a repertory of Molière and recently played in New York, where I saw one of the productions, *Dom Juan*. (Molière used the Portuguese version of Juan's title.) This was by far the best Molière I have ever seen – including some previous productions by the Comédie itself. Partly this is because *Dom Juan* does not often try to be funny. There are a few attempts to make you laugh, like the tedious scene with the tailor, but for the most part it is comedy in the philosophic sense and much the better for it. Nothing withers more surely than old jokes, and when they are in another language, fed into one's ears by transistored translation, they drone like funeral rites.

The play lives. "Modern" sounds patronizing, and "relevant" sounds hygienically nutritious, yet both those words apply to this drama of a man with the courage of his short-range convictions, and the wit to make himself dangerous to those with longer views. At one revealing point, this conflict is localized in the don himself. After he reveals to his servant that his confession of remorse to his father was all a sham, he says: "I take you into my confidence deliberately, Sganarelle, because, I like to have one witness to my real feelings and my motives for acting as I do." There is a bone for theologians to pick on!

This production was directed by Antoine Bourseiller and was put in the repertory in 1967. I don't care much for the sets and costumes by Oskar Gustin. The settings are metallic abstractions, presumably intended to "psychologize" the piece, but they look like 1925 *moderne*. The costumes have little to do with the sets, and the use of the same leatherette suiting for master and servant hurts the necessary class difference. Apparently Bourseiller has used this décor to jar the audience into awareness of a new approach, but that approach would be hard to miss in the most conventional décor.

He has had the world's best bank-account of classical acting on which to draw: productions of the Comédie are sometimes fusty, but individual technique and style are never bad. Georges Descriéres makes a cool, elegant, steely don, an actor whose baroque gesture is always under fine, sardonic control. Jacques Charon, the Feydeau specialist who directed the recent sad film of *A Flea in Her Ear*, is obviously much more at home on the stage, and he plays Sganarelle with humorous servility nearing the end of its centuries-old tether.

The production is held firmly in Bourseiller's view of the play as an ironic, quasi-existential statement: the pace and, above all, the stage movement support this view. He adapts the spacious classic movement of the Comédie to a contemporary use, in something of the way that de Chirico adapts classical perspective to statements of bleakness. Note, for instance, the way that the visit of Don Juan's father is staged. The father comes in upstage right, almost straight downstage, then across left to a position below that of his son; his movement describes a sharp angle as he speaks, implying dislike and then an overture toward intimacy. The don as he speaks, then comes downstage toward us, brushing right past his waiting father, almost to the footlights without stopping. The movements have sweep, but more, a large stage and a large style have been used to speak of interior distances.

I wish I had been able to see the other plays in the repertory (not directed by Bourseiller), but certainly if the Comédie performs anywhere near you, this *Dom Juan* is worth traveling for.

A fascinating and distinctive theatrical talent from abroad makes its American debut on paper. Peter Handke, an Austrian who was born in 1942, wrote his first play in 1966. Since then, he has written six plays, short and long, two novels, a book of poems, and two collections of prose pieces. Now his full-length play *Kaspar* is published here with two short plays, and they reveal that Handke has his own clear voice and vision.

His plays are difficult to describe: there are no stories and no characters in the usual sense. The lines (in translation) mesh like gears, and the cumulation is not only progressive in the usual way, it is also a tensile structure of contradictions. The *whole* is all.

The two short pieces are called *Sprechstücke*, which is translated as "speak-ins." The first, *Offending the Audience*, calls for four speakers who have no roles, only a good deal of material which they are asked to divide among themselves equally. They bid us welcome, then proceed to tell us what to expect in the piece and what not to expect; they anatomize patterns and formulas in theater-going and theater conventions, they anatomize the audience's delegation of responsibility to safe, aloof representatives, they tell us our tiny secrets so convincingly that they can command us to blink or to swallow, or not to blink or swallow, having broken down our resistance and privacy by being us. Then the speakers proceed to offend us, as a means of fiercest communication: excoriating us from every angle – political, sexual, social, ethical, hypochondriacal. One by one they cut off our escape hatches, our solace that the epithets don't apply to us; sooner or later some epithets come along that do apply to any one of us. After a crescendo of abuse, the speakers again quietly bid us welcome, the curtains close, and roaring applause is piped in through loud speakers.

The power of the piece is in its calm, ruthless progression, its arrogance and its humility. (The excoriation ends with the term "fellow-humans.") The effect is like an acid bath to eat away the corrosions of cultural torpor, to reveal the mind-patterns that produced them:

> This piece is a prologue. It is not the prologue to another piece but the prologue to what you did, what you are doing, and what you will do. You are the topic . . . It is the prologue to the plays and to the seriousness of your life.

The second *Sprechstück*, called *Self-Accusation*, is for two speakers, male and female, and is a kind of middle ground between the first piece, in

(Continued on page 30)

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Louis Coxe: Moral Vitamins

The Writing on the Wall, and Other Literary Essays by Mary McCarthy

(Harcourt, Brace & World; $6.75)

An extraordinary collection and collocation in this volume. Mary McCarthy, the formidable polymath of letters, rides again and the unwary had better look out because she shoots to kill.

We begin with the essay on *Macbeth* in which the essayist demonstrates that the protagonist lacks all tragic stature and depth – is in fact a kind of account executive at Dunsinane, with neither imagination nor the guts his wife had, addicted to bombast and fustian. Miss McCarthy does not tell us whether or not she thinks Shakespeare intended such a portrait of the killer king. We don't have to consider matters historical or literary because Miss McCarthy is after another kind of game: she is out to get the bourgeois. In a very real sense she seems to seek what she can devour in nearly all these essays, from her bagging of George Orwell to the *battue* effected in Salinger country. Never one to spare anyone Miss McCarthy is at her best as the literary or political assassin, as witness her extinction of Mr. Salinger. Yet by the same token, when she defends someone whom she admires, as in the case of the essay on Hannah Arendt's troubles over Eichmann, her loyalty and sense of fair play support her in a slashing attack on those who attack her friend. One may lose all sense of the merits of the question in admiration for Miss McCarthy's controlled passion at work upon it. It is of a piece with her best gift – that for contention, polemic.

That's not quite right; the polemical approach figures less largely than the moral, for Miss McCarthy is a spoiled nun and what sets her going is a moral fervor, an almost doctrinaire adherence to the didactic, to what is good for you. And what that turns out to be, in essence, is rigor, struggle, difficulty of an imposed sort. The books she chooses to review show how sternly she regards the amorphous, irresponsible and messy world of literature.

One is bound to see very quickly that she is not a literary critic at all. The books that interest her do so for reasons that are only marginally literary and hence lead her into scholarly *culs-de-sac* that would do credit to an article in PMLA. She has read everything twice and remembers it – once in a while inaccurately as one might expect; the wonder is that she can have available to herself at all times that enormous range of reference. In her discussion of Nabokov's *Pale Fire* she is at her happiest, tracing patterns, spotting allusions and quotations, finding the right way through that crazy fun house of a novel. Again, she gives a finely lucid explication of Nathalie Sarraute's method and purpose in her essay on *Between Life and Death*, as she does for Monique Wittig's *The Opoponax*. Less satisfactory in this regard, in my view, is her study of Burrough's *Naked Lunch*, partly because she devotes much of her opening remarks to correcting the record and setting straight what she originally said about the book.

Yet when all is said one may justly say, with Portnoy's analyst, "Shall ve begin?" I do not think that Miss McCarthy either expects or gets from literature literary responses; they are too frivolous for her. Immoral. Someone once observed of Nabokov that he is the only contemporary novelist who writes badly in three (or was it four?) languages. I think that far too often Miss McCarthy takes on faith the merit of the question and fails to ask herself if someone may be taken in before the fact, by promotion and suggestion. Nabokov has no rival as prestidigitator and radar-countermeasuresman. Miss McCarthy simply takes him at his manipulated word and assumes his greatness.

Her assumption is not even explored. The character of *Pale Fire* simply un-

Grandfatherly Poem

Often I long for the village where I was raised.

Vecsés: the scent of fresh-baked bread and the sight
Of my mother at the machine that knitted stockings
Which she would sell, and the sound of Bobi, our dog
Who frightened the villagers and frightened me
But did not frighten my grandfather who died
A natural death and was buried in a grave
As befits a grandfather, in the Vecsés graveyard
Which Nazi soldiers or Soviet soldiers, or both,
Decided to desecrate.
My curse on the dogs
Who desecrated the grave of my grandfather! May
My mother run them through her machine until
They are nothing but stockings! for barefooted children to wear
And for Bobi to nip at in honor of my grandfather,

A legendary draft-dodger, the scamp.

JOHN PAUKER

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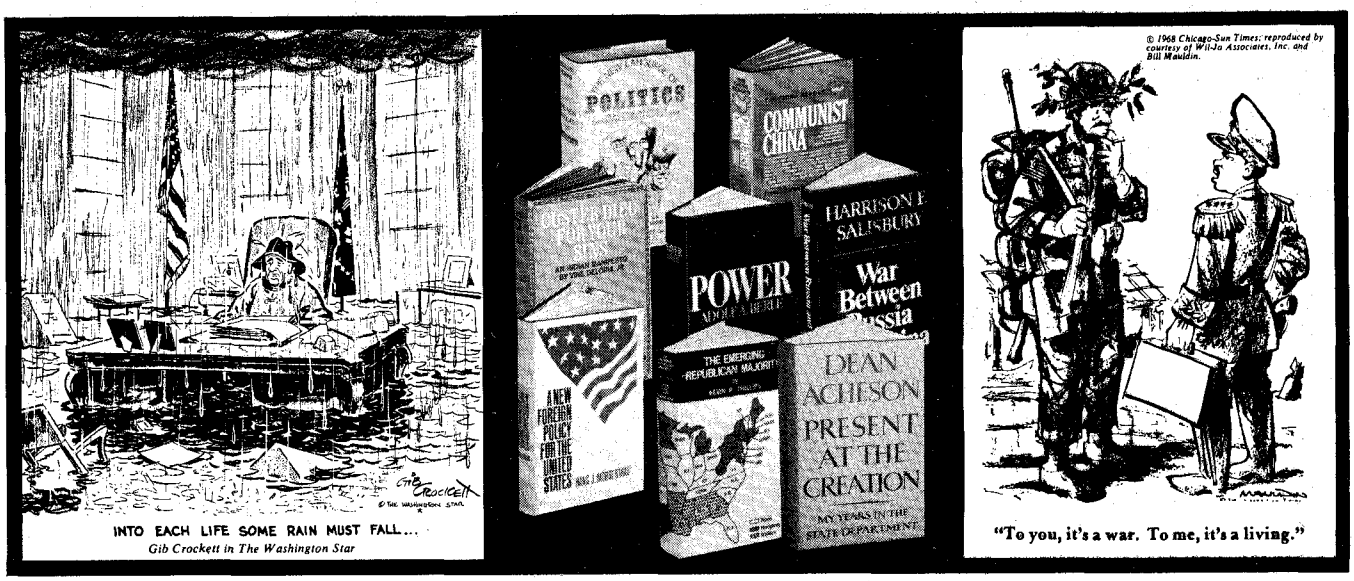
INTO EACH LIFE SOME RAIN MUST FALL...
Gib Crockett in The Washington Star
POLITICS
COMMUNIST CHINA
HARRISON E. SALISBURY
POWER
War Between Russia
THE EMERGING REPUBLICAN MAJORITY
A NEW FOREIGN POLICY FOR THE UNITED STATES
DEAN ACHESON
PRESENT AT THE CREATION
MY YEARS IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT
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derscores the failure to make a true literary judgment. Nabokov is like the pornographer who has the best of both worlds: when you accuse him of gratuitous and shameless porn-for-its-own-sake he tells you toploftily that he is engaging in satire, in what is vulgarly called the "put-on" (man). And of course since he does aim to arouse, he can capture the sex maniac and the culture crowd, if not simultaneously, seriatim. So Nabokov can dodge accusations of vulgarism, pretentiousness, bombast and self-indulgence by accusing the accuser of naivete – of not understanding that it is all an elaborate and profound satire with the accuser as the victim. Which is the point – as it is Miss McCarthy's: there must be a victim, someone to make a fool of.

If both writers enjoy annihilating the opposition, Nabokov is of the two the more solipsistic, vain and narcissist. What he does is engage in total recall in the illustration of his theme that nothing exists except as he believes in it, and what he believes in is Nabokov. Like the little girl who kept a diary entitled "Me and What I Do." And withal there leaks through a sense of a most unpleasant and cruel nature, that of the author or the persona he adopts (as true of all Nabokov's fictions as of *Pale Fire* – even *Pnin* suffers, though it is surely the most humorous and humane of his books). But as in the cases of Sarraute and Wittig, Miss McCarthy never takes into account that she is dealing with a book written by a person for people: to her, *Pale Fire* is a most superior, because most complicated, form of culture-game, in which the author sets out to fool untutored readers and to reward the hip with a sense of moral and mental superiority. They are not taken in – not they. It is as though one had set out to go Eliot's "Waste Land" one better.

For all his exoticism, Nabokov is far more George Meredith than he is Kant or Plato or any other of the demigods Miss McCarthy likens him to. His book is not "adamantly classical, magical, scientific"; Shade's Popean poem is pastiche of the campiest sort; the various styles imitated consciously or unconsciously only confirm the polymath reader in his snobbish self-congratulatory view of himself. He finds himself forced to accept Nabokov's view of the self as all intelligence and understanding while the rest of reality goes utterly filthy. And Nabokov escapes with a giggle.

Much of the same sort of nonliterary gamesmanship goes on in the two essays on Ivy Compton-Burnett. The emphasis is sociological and political. Miss C-B gets high marks because she is "subversive" (just how is unclear) and lacks "social snobbery," unlike Jane Austen. And she is a "radical thinker, one of the rare modern heretics." Now that may be true though you can't prove it by me. The point is, though: is she any good? Why? How? When Miss McCarthy does get down to cases, I think she fails to make the case. The books she seems to prefer are chic or *succès de scandale* or obdurately unamenable. Here her moral sense goes to work: books are good for you. Hard and essentially unrewarding work is good for you. If a book is hard to read, wholly self-referential and recondite, then it must be full of cultural and moral vitamins. It may well be that books of that sort do move Miss McCarthy, but most of us get through them so we can say we have. Nobody can tell us we have to *like* them, though perhaps Miss McCarthy tries.

In the long run, these essays strike me as part of the history of an era. The earnest strident tones of the old *Partisan* and the hectoring of the contemporary *New York Review of Books:* the discussion moves effortlessly between them.

If, as has often been said, belletrists and men of letters are dead and small loss, perhaps we'd better reconsider the matter. As between the mawkish and the ideologically *engagé* there is no real choice. Politics and sociology have their limits; few if any of the great or good writers can pass political exams. Most if not all are authoritarian, extreme, or irresponsible which is both their right and their duty as poets or novelists. They deal with the arts of the impossible and need not develop into either ideologues or fixers unless that furthers their imaginative purposes – and it never does. Miss McCarthy seems to like her writers to be doctrinaire nihilists or thirties liberals, and while there is a great deal to be said for both positions, most of it has been said thousands of times.

Luckily, in the case of the true writer, the trade itself can redeem him from his own "ideas." Would it were the case with all of us.

Basil Davidson explores a continent's social and cultural history.

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Avuncular Poem

(to the memory of my Uncle Ede)

The prospect of change is always worse
Than change itself,
my sententious Uncle
Ede said,
contemplating the proposed
Transfer from Dachau to Auschwitz.

JOHN PAUKER

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Jonathan Yardley: Same Old Nightmare

Natural Enemies??? Youth and the Conflict of Generations

edited by Alexander Klein
(Lippincott; $8.95)

What this exhaustive (and exhausting) book about the generation gap lacks is what it needs most: an essay deploring, or at the least satirizing, essays about the generation gap. Surely there are few subjects now discussed so interminably, so glibly and so uniformatively as the gap or gulf or chasm or what have you between the trustworthies and the untrustworthies.

That is not to say that Alexander Klein's 533-page anthology merely compounds the offense. There is much herein that is wise and/or provocative, and Mr. Klein's careful juxtaposition of warring or complementary points of view is frequently instructive. Indeed, there may not be a more thorough summation of why many young people are unhappy, what forms their discontent takes, and what lies in the future, than that contained in *Natural Enemies???* Though Mr. Klein has been something less than imaginative in choosing its contents (Mailer and Galbraith and Podhoretz and Schlesinger *et al* are on hand as usual; but the only blacks are Baldwin and Kenneth Clark, and the underground press is to all intents and purposes unrepresented), there is enough here to paint a persuasive portrait of a generation in turmoil.

"Of course there is always a 'generation gap'," Arnold Toynbee writes. "The rising generation never sees life with the same eyes as its elders – not even in times and places in which society is relatively static and in which the younger generation shares with its predecessors a wish to conserve tradition rather than to make a break with it. . . . But in present-day America, and in most of the rest of the World too, the breadth of the generation gap is abnormally wide." Depending on whom you believe, there are any number of reasons why. But some themes recur so frequently that they acquire particular legitimacy and importance. The most obvious, of course, and I think the most important, is what might be called the "experience gap" between the generations. . . . "this college generation," Schlesinger writes, "has grown up in an era when the rate of social change is faster than it has ever before been. . . ." The result is not merely that parental experience seems irrelevant to youth, but that adults impose outmoded restrictions and demands on youth. Thus Nat Hentoff speaks in an excellent essay of "the ghetto of American youth," a ghetto created by youth's political, legal and educational isolation.

Other explanations are familiar: the freedom offered by affluence, the impact of technology, the emergence of the "global village," The Bomb. Youth is turned off by the hypocrisy and moral complacency and ideological inconsistencies of its liberal elders – whose condescension is epitomized in an egregious essay by Spencer Brown. The celebration of rationalism by such liberals is galling to those who feel, as Richard Poirier does, that "a revolution is probably necessary if rationality is to be restored to a society that thinks it has been operating rationally."

The reaction of the young is to embrace the opposite. Tossing aside rationalism, youth embraces "digging," William Kloman writes, or "groovin'," which "consists of opening your senses to what is happening, without anticipation or imposition of logical structures." Youth can open those eager senses further, and escape society's pressures at the same time, through drugs. In music, in art, in film, in sex and every aspect of personal behavior, new freedoms are sought – and also, Eric Erikson points out, new boundaries. Feeling themselves insignificant in society's eyes, young people insist on a special awareness of the value and dignity of each individual – each among themselves, but each Vietnamese peasant and Biafran infant as well. Unpersuaded by the rigidities of conventional morality, youth turns to what two slangy young writers call "the hang-loose ethic," which in fact is simply a variation upon situation ethics. Similarly, the young are less likely to be orthodox Christians or Jews than to be humanists whose credo is concisely stated by Erikson:

> The new humanism ranges from an *existential* insistence that every man *is* an island unto himself to a new kind of humaneness that is more than compassion for stray animals and savages, and a decidedly *humanitarian* activism ready to meet concrete dangers and hardships in the service of assisting the underprivileged anywhere. Maybe *universalist* would cover all this better, if we mean by it an insistence on the widest range of human possibilities – beyond the technological.

Perhaps the most intriguing manifestation of revolt, one rarely acknowledged by the young and almost never by their foes in Agnew Country, is that the radical young are engaged in a campaign to press the nation to live up to its historic moral and political commitments. "However revolutionary the objectives," Kenneth Keniston observes, "however radical the tactics proposed to attain them, the basic values of the young radical are ancient and familiar: the only startling fact is that he takes these values seriously and proposes that American society and the world set about implementing them." Who are the *real* subversives? The bearded, beaded kids chanting love and peace and equality, or the uptight-nine-to-fivers and the hair-curlered hausfraus of the Silent Majority?

Mr. Klein has unembarrassingly biased his anthology in youth's favor, a bias which I share but which as he implements it leaves insufficient room for thoughtful criticism of youth's shortcomings. The screeching rhetoric of the New Left, and beyond, is deplorable; one doesn't have to dig LBJ to be offended that Tom Hayden accuses him of "bankrupt racism." Blather of that sort is the product of overweening self-righteousness, yet the moral snobbery of many young people is scarcely discussed in an anthology which bores in constantly on the moral hypocrisy of the old. On the college level, youth has fallen into the habit of setting up the university as a surrogate for so-

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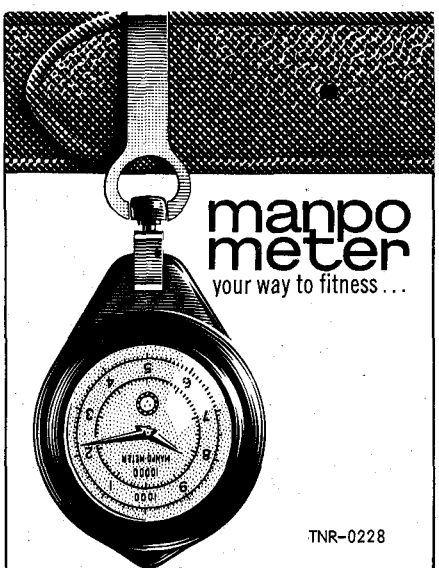
ciety. True, the university has faults aplenty, but as Lionel Trilling notes, ". . . if students conduct themselves toward the university as if its shortcomings and anomalies produced the same kind of effect as the shortcomings and anomalies of the society, or of a particular government, the academic life will soon be made impossible." And a great deal of valuable energy will be wasted on attacking the wrong institution.

What is most distressing, in many individual pieces and in the tone of the anthology itself, is an underlying and unquestioned elitism. This is actually a book about young people in college, and even more narrowly about the most vigorous leaders among college youth – whom Mr. Klein calls "the bellwether minority, including many who are more aware, more sensitive, with more integrated, stronger personalities, enabling them to express and act on their views and feelings – feelings shared, consciously and unconsciously, by a large number of their outwardly conformist peers." Or, as a student writer puts it, "when we speak of a generation, we often mean a small group of innovators and leaders." That raises one of two questions never really confronted in this anthology: Does the "generation gap" exist as widespread alienation among youth, or only as the revolt of a particularly vocal, energetic and strategically located minority? There is no piece in the collection which asks if the generation gap is alive and well in Middle America; there are only two pieces on young black people. We are asked to assume that because a gap is widespread among the "bellwether minority," it is *ipso facto* equally widespread among youth everywhere. But because almost all serious studies of the young in recent years have focused on an elite (viz., Keniston's *The Uncommitted* and *Young Radicals*), we simply have insufficient evidence on which to base that assumption. The only thing we can say is that we do not know, that there is reason to suspect the assumption invalid – and that in any event we get no help from *Natural Enemies*??? though we might reasonably expect to.

The other question is whether there is any truth to the notion, expressed with a good bit of sentimentality by self-flagellating liberals overconscious of their small political clout, that the nation can be "saved" by the young people now coming to legal maturity. "A whole generation," Alfred Kazin declares, "has . . . become the leaven in the lump, the party of hope, the spirit of change, the conscience of our time." Mr. Kazin's faith and hope are touching, but that is saying a mouthful. Is it justified?

Mr. Klein seems to think so. In ding-dong prose which zigzags between apocalyptic hysterics and political naivete, he outlines in his introduction a "Politics of Common Purpose," a magical mystery tour which somehow will close the gap and create "a new ethos, a new communal tradition, an involvement with our fellow-citizens that would deeply engage us, so that social action would become the norm rather than the exception." Mr. Klein has a marvelous dream, and he embraces it with visionary zeal, but I fear that when he wakes up he's going to find the same old nightmare.



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Bennett Schiff: The Hungry Arts

Federal Support for the Visual Arts: The New Deal and Now by Francis V. O'Connor

(New York Graphic Society; $8.50)

Mr. O'Connor, of the fine arts department of the University of Maryland, has documented what anyone at all concerned with artists has known, that they are the first expendables in a time of social crisis. Of the millions of unemployed in the thirties, artists were the first to suffer economic deprivation and the last to expect salvation. It is his contention that it is just at such times that societies need very much what they are so quick to dispose of, and that sound government programs can help to provide it. In the thirties it was our writers who were our particular glory, a situation neatly reversed in the fifties when artists took that position. (At the moment we have poets?) Still many of our painters of size in the fifties and after – and the fifties are commonly thought to have had greater "genetic" significance in the arts than the thirties – were finding their ways in the thirties: Gorky, deKooning, Pollock, Kline, Still, Rothko, Davis. Their work is now so vastly different, and the status of art in this country today, and of the

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artist when he makes it in the market, is so removed from his status in the hungry thirties that one would think it centuries, not 30 years between.

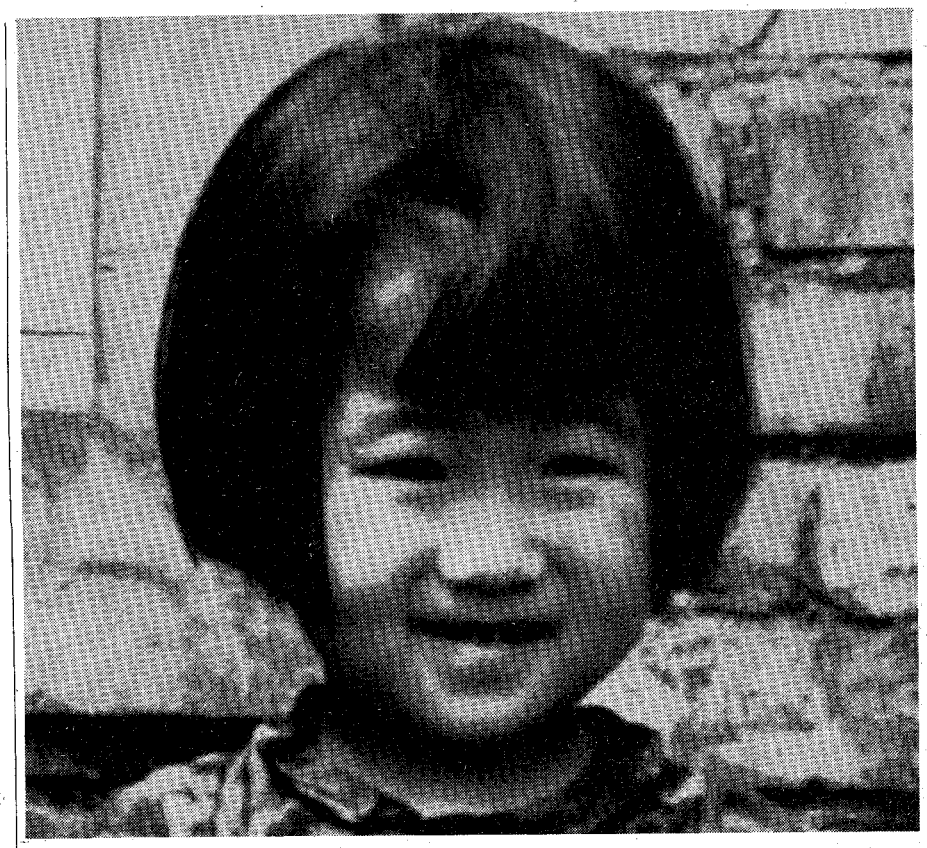
To have been an artist in the thirties was hardly heaven. But, they were years that continue to inculcate a particular sensibility in those who experienced them. This sensibility has been compacted – impacted at times – in what is the most detailed and exploratory anatomy of the artist in a particular time in a particular society done so far.

O'Connor's is an odd book. In fact, it is not a book, but a research survey, with charts, tables and graphs. (There are a number of books in it and the reader can write his own.) It is at once a work of scholarship, computer technology, statistical engineering, sociological examination and interpretive theory; and the whole is mixed with strong opinion and some wit. In addition to all of its information, it has a number of soundly argued recommendations, even a Dadaistic one that the American Congress be offered courses in art appreciation in the expectation that it might then be more sympathetic to federal art programs. Oh my.

O'Connor set out to: establish methods of researching and evaluating the New Deal art projects; reconstruct the history and activities of the New York city and state projects between 1933 and 1943; identify the artists employed on the projects and determine the nature and value of their contributions then and later; ascertain the economic and cultural effectiveness of the projects; and, make recommendations.

The study takes up the histories of PWAP (Public Works of Art Project), TRAP (Treasury Relief Art Project), and FAP (WPA Federal Art Project), all New Deal subsidized programs in the days before the government turned desperately acronymic. (Today we might expect to have something like, say, PAINT – Patronized Artists in National Training.)

PWAP and TRAP preceded FAP, and whereas the two prior ones commissioned artists and had clear guidelines for the work expected, it was FAP which considered artists to be indigents in need of basic money with which to live and which, once having been satisfied that they qualified for home relief in every (ignominious) respect, pretty much left them alone to paint or sculpt or print or scribble as they pleased so long as they produced



These days San Ying often smiles.

San Ying stands outside the Home where she lives. Alone for the moment, she listens to the cheerful sounds that drift from the open window. She hears the reassuring click of plates and the happy chatter of the other children getting ready for supper. San Ying's heart is at peace. Her recollections of an earlier time are fading.

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a minimum amount of work to be turned over to the government. Jackson Pollock, for example, who was on the WPA/FAP rolls in New York City from 1935 to 1943, and many of whose paintings are today worth 50 or 60 or even 100 thousand dollars, received about $23 a week and had to turn over a painting every eight weeks or a good explanation why he couldn't. Pollocks in those years came to about $184 apiece. Today, nobody knows where they are.

One of the more fascinating mysteries of those years is where *all* the work now is. Dr. O'Connor presents statistics to show that the WPA/FAP project, the one he is most interested in and exposes most exhaustively, produced more than 18,000 easel paintings for allocation to government and state institutions; over 2500 murals throughout the country; nearly 18,000 works of pedestal and architectural sculpture from small ones for public schools and libraries to monumental groups for public buildings, parks and housing developments; and over 200,000 fine prints from more than 2000 designs. In passing, the same project perfected color lithography and seriograph prints; invented the carborundum etching; set up a system of Community Art Centers and Federal Art Galleries which brought the work produced to rural communities "never before exposed to original artistic creativity"; produced some two million silk-screen copies of 35,000 original design posters; and created the now famous Index of American Design, 22,000 water color renderings portraying meticulously the entire history of the decorative and design arts of the United States.

A lot of this work, leaking away, turned up in furniture shops and junk stores, or simply disappeared. But in one of the most telling tid-bits of all, O'Connor goes into the activities of a Colonel Brehon B. Somervell who, as WPA Administrator, presided over the dissolution of the NYC project and also over the deliberate destruction of possibly thousands of paintings and sculptures. Somervell's was a one-man campaign against reds and radicals, a kind of visionary preagreement with the colonel in Dr. Strangelove who saw "preverts" everywhere.

"It should be evident," says O'Connor, "that a work of art, even if government property, ought to be treated with greater solicitude than a desk or a hatrack. There is evidence that the General Services Administration and other government agencies have destroyed works of art created on the New Deal art projects as recently as the early sixties without any professional review of their importance or value." Pollocks? Gorkys? David Smiths? deKoonings? Gottliebs?

O'Connor hasn't much patience with those who insist that government help is bad for art. The WPA/FAP, the largest of the New Deal art projects, "succeeded within its limitations to help effectively the artists of a whole generation to survive the Depression while preserving and perfecting their skills in an atmosphere of stimulating collaboration and creative freedom." No doubt Colonel Somervell really had something to worry about.

Depressions or not, O'Connor insists that "if the Federal government cannot bring itself to risk the imponderables of artistic expression and development, and to waste a small fraction of its immense resources on the nurturing of the many so as to help those few who can challenge and renew in visual forms man's self-image and ideals, then it should not seek to support art at all." Unfortunately, too many men in government will agree with this for reasons other than O'Connor's.

O'Connor doesn't leave things there. Here, paraphrased, are some of his recommendations to the National Foundation for the Arts, which com-

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missioned the study:

- Give first priority in support programs to unknown and forgotten artists.
- Establish professional need as the basic criterion for assistance. The government ought to have no preferences of taste.
- Sponsor noncommercial galleries for artists outside of the current market.
- Purchase art directly from individual artists and allocate them to public institutions. (This might, for example, have some healthful effect on the State Department's degrading custom of "borrowing" paintings from artists to show in ambassador's living rooms around the world.
- Establish extensive programs of grants, scholarships and other awards to individual artists with professional need as their basis.
- Establish regional technical workshops to provide artists free access to printshop, foundry, electronic, plastics and industrial equipment and technicians.

He would also like to see a study of the cultural value of the visual arts to help promote increased understanding of their value to society; further research studies on nationwide New Deal art projects; set going an information-retrieval analysis of the files of the New Deal projects in the National Archives; and transfer the Index of American Design from the National Gallery to the National Collection of Fine Arts, and take steps to publish it.

Notes on Contributors

Robert Evett, *former literary editor of* The New Republic *and* The Atlantic, *is a composer. Washington poet and translator* John Pauker *works for USIS.* Bennett Schiff, *former art critic for the* New York Post, *is a free-lance writer who lives in Washington.* Louis Coxe *is the author of a recent biography of Edward Arlington Robinson (Pegasus).* Jonathan Yardley *is book editor for the* Greensboro Daily News.

Note: *Two books by* New Republic *editors have recently been published:* The Supreme Court and the Idea of Progress *by* Alexander Bickel *(Harper & Row, $6.50); and,* Hot War on the Consumer, *edited by* David Sanford *(Pitman, $5.95).*

Music

The Decline and Fall of Paul Hindemith

The occasion for this sermonette is the recent recording of all seven of those concertos for various instruments that Hindemith called *Kammermusiken,* but the text on which I will preach is part of a remark in the January 31 *New Republic,* in which John H. Baron refers to the composer as "the fast fading Hindemith."

In the sense that I think Mr. Baron means this, there isn't much more fading for Hindemith to do. He is gone. His music is of not the slightest technical interest, and the people (I've always wondered where they got their authority) who tell us what the next development in musical composition or in taste is going to be, have no conceivable use for him.

In the 20th Century, it has been the lot of a great many composers to be read out of the party or excommunicated from the modernist movement: Richard Strauss, Ravel, Sibelius, Prokofiev, Vaughan Williams – the list could be very long, and not necessarily as distinguished as this start would indicate. This is, evidently, a perfectly normal process. While a composer is young, and not very many people listen to his work, the people who are interested will sniff around to see what kind of a technique he has and what sort of style he is developing. As he matures, there are questions about whether he is fulfilling his promise or changing his manner. And, after he is dead, when they finish jumping up and down on his grave, his music (if anybody is still listening) either will or will not take on a different significance than it had when it was new. With Hindemith, the reassessment has gone this far: most of his sonatas for the odder instruments (trombone, horn, etc. that have a limited solo literature) are played throughout the world; one of his operas, *Mathis der Maler,* is in repertory in Germany and Switzerland; a lot of his orchestra and chamber music is in constant demand; and the Schwann record catalog (which says something about the market place and therefore about the taste of the public) includes about sixty titles, some of them in several performances. Many of the later pieces – some good, some not – have dropped out and don't seem to be strong candidates for revival. But then, neither did the *Kammermusiken* which, once they lost their shock-value, seemed to have been relegated to the dust bin for good. There will be snooping through the early Hindemith now, and it will be found, of course, that much of the music he wrote in the twenties – the period of works like the Third String Quartet and the Kleine Kammermusik which have never gone underground – will be disinterred and found to be in marvelous health.

As for Hindemith's career, it was one of the stormiest of a stormy period, and in the past few years, the astonishing thing is not that so many people are genuinely glad that he is dead – after all, the man did have enemies – but that he is still subject to so much misunderstanding and to venomous, even malicious attacks. This has been going on for almost fifty years now. First, he was (and he really was) a romantic conservative. Then, during the period of the *Kammermusiken* (around 1925; add several years on both sides), he thought of himself, and was thought of by everybody else, as a radical, to the disappointment of Richard Strauss and the fury of the Austro-German musical establishment. Then he developed still another conservative style, which was his mature one. He found himself in the ludicrous position of being involved always in a real war while having to defend himself from attacks directed at positions he wasn't even holding. There was a myth which died so hard that I'm not even sure it's dead yet, which was that Hindemith wrote atonally, whereas in fact he thought of atonality as a disease and had devoted years to trying to stamp it out. For real atonalists, he was and is the symbolic and real enemy. Then there was the business of *Gebrauchsmusik,* something he is thought, by people who can't come up with a single example of it, to have invented. And when he got to the United States, he made enemies of people who should have been his friends, simply by being gratuitously unpleasant whenever the opportunity presented itself.

In his manner, Hindemith was characteristic of a type of German bourgeois gentleman that you don't see much any more but was very common

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in this country in the thirties. He was very, very smart and spoke English with that faint, elegant hint of an accent that made it sound as if the language had been invented for his private use and the rest of us were poaching on his preserve. When he wanted it, which was not always, he had the best prose style of anyone who has written about music in English since Bernard Shaw, with the exception of Virgil Thomson; and that he had learned the language late must have been a source of pride to him. He was a francophile, but he had a loyalty, which was most elusive, to his Germanhood and to Germans of his class. His behavior conformed to so many stereotypes that it is quite easy to imagine what he would have been like if things had been different. From the fact that he stayed on so long in Berlin after his music had been banned by the Nazis, it's pretty clear that he did not much want to leave the country. As it was, most of his troubles with the regime were based on the fact that Mme. Hindemith was Jewish. If it had not reached a point that the security of her person was in danger, there is a good chance that he would not have left. Then, too, the remarkable sweetening of his style was simultaneous with the rise of Nazism. Owing to the hotly political content of his subversive opera, *Mathis de Maler*, the Nazis had to suppress it. They wouldn't have been Nazis if they had done anything else. But had it not been for his very real responses to the political pressures of the early thirties, it is quite possible that Hindemith would have stayed behind with Orff and Egk and Webern and Berg and his brother, the (then) famous cellist Rudolf Hindemith, and – who knows? – become to Adolf Hitler whatever J. S. Bach was to Frederick the Great.

As it was, he came to the United States, took a teaching job at Yale, and became an American citizen. Hindemith was precisely the sort of man who, while doing this, would have looked with distaste at what he considered the excesses of American life (such as the cocktail parties of the rich, which he did attend) and at the shameless carryings on of uneducated white people. (For some reason, the sight of a drum majorette in full regalia will always turn these people on.) Far nicer people than Hindemith, who were just as smart and just as much German refugees, fled into a kind of mindless anti-Americanism which was biting the hand that fed them in a real sense. Hindemith never quite did this because the nature of his employment, as a professor at Yale, put him in the way of people who would have conformed to his notions of good company. When it was not too soon after the war to look bad, he moved back to civilization in the form of Zurich, but continued to have American friends and to set music (one opera done and another in the works when he died, to texts by Thornton Wilder) to English words.

Hindemith's anti-Americanism took the form of roughing up composers. He believed, and I have always thought he was right, that American composers start work before they are adequately prepared. That there is now a composer in residence – at least one – in almost every college, and he usually a man of no great distinction, would bear out Hindemith's contention that this game is for people who know what they are doing, and the amateurs are wrecking it.

Hindemith went so far, however, as to be overtly rude to really distinguished American composers. At Tanglewood in the late thirties, for instance, he insulted Roy Harris with terrible results, terrible because the two of them were very much on the same side in the musical theology of the period and could have enjoyed each other's support. He had a way of creating a contretemps out of thin air.

One of these touched the late Edward Ballantine, a Harvard scholar who used to amuse himself by writing musical caricatures – pieces in the styles of eminent composers. He wrote a set of variations on "Mary Had a Little Lamb" using dead composers as his models. Out came "Mary and the Lamb Forever" by Sousa, "Lamb in Blue," by Gershwin, and a little charmer called "Maria Aveva . . . (Mary Had . . .)" by Puccini. This is coterie music, interesting to one listener out of a thousand and boring to everybody else, but the imitations are expert and Ballantine enjoyed so much success with the first set that he went on to his contemporaries. Before publishing these sketches, Ballantine courteously sent a copy of each of the caricatures to the composer, and most of them were delighted of course. There was only one man in the world who would have written back, ". . . . I have consulted my lawyer." If it is clearly understood that every composer who ever wrote a note is a megalomaniac and that allowances have to be

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made accordingly, even then this was extreme.

My own experiences with the man began when I was in my late teens and looking for a composition teacher. I had the advantage of bringing with me a heartful of adoration, respect and love that went back to childhood, and also a great talent for just that brand of boot-licking that just this breed of Kraut professor would most cotton to. He gave me a little more than an hour of his time, for which he never charged me a dime, and we made a deal which, in the end, I did not take. He could have got a little bit of money for me – say $1500 for living expenses and some more for tuition, but the terms were stiff: he said that he would never look at anything of mine more than a page and a half in length, and that I would have to play every note I wrote for the instrument I had written it for. During that hour-plus, he said things that I will never forget and that continue to influence my life; but he had a knack of misunderstanding a clear, simple question and standing it on its head. I asked him something technical about his use of a certain woodwind texture in the last movement of the *Mathis* symphony. He gave me a faintly puzzled, faintly irritated smile and said, "I don't do it all the time" – an answer that not only did not answer my question but, in its delivery, implied that I – a protestant barbarian American boy – had in some way challenged his orchestration, and done it in a house where I was a not-very-welcome guest.

After that encounter, I met Hindemith only when there was no way to avoid him. But this, as it turned out, was fairly often. By 1952, when I wrote my first *New Republic* piece, which was about him, he was already the "fast fading" Hindemith of Professor Baron's phrase. There was a rising generation of composers who had got precisely that strangle hold on the American academy that he would have liked to reserve for himself. Most of the younger people were simply not interested in him, and, because I was, I was forever at concerts where his music was performed and at receptions where I would shake his hand and prudently slide off into the shadows. Twice, I tried to be nice to him. Once, when I had euchred some friends of mine into performing the 1948 version of his great song cycle *Das Marienleben*, I got somebody else to invite him to the concert, which he just might have enjoyed because the artists themselves were topnotch and the performance close to definitive and the work so long and difficult to perform that it was, and still is, rarely heard. He could have said no, but, being Hindemith, this was not enough: he sent word that he did not attend performances of his own music in which he was not engaged as a performer. Then, after the American première of his opera *The Long Christmas Dinner*, I was in a lousy German restaurant where I used to have lunch regularly because it was cheap and near my office, and in came St. Paul himself with a friend I wasn't able to identify and the formidable Frau. It was the kind of place where you could, as I did, suggest to the headwaiter that the house ought to treat the distinguished guest to a bottle of champagne. They did; I left without speaking to him; the next day I found out that he had refused the gift of the champagne, and sent the bottle back to the cellar.

This seems a long way from the issue, which is the recording of the *Kammermusiken*, but it is not. It is an attempt to explain why so many people – not just his natural enemies, but tolerant musicians of broad and temperate views – attempt to cut him down to nothing and would be pleased if he had no place in history or in the repertory. And it will probably be the performers and the mass audiences that rescue him – the performers because his music is, in the main, gratifying to play; the audiences because, the culture lag being what it is, they are about ready to catch up with music that, thirty years ago, had a reputation for being austere and hard to take.

As for these pieces: they are concertos: I for 12 solo instruments (including, of all things, the accordion); II for piano; III for cello; IV for violin; V for viola; VI for viola d'amore; VII for organ. With the exception of the violist Paul Doktor, none of the soloists is well-known in this country. The orchestra players (all the parts are for solo instruments) are members of a group called the Concerto Amsterdam. The recording is by Telefunken. It comes in three discs (which means that there are some bad breaks) and, allowing for regional variations in price, you can get it for about $15.

Hindemith was a prolific composer who believed in exploiting a single style heavily. His detractors would have you believe that if you've heard one Hindemith piece you've heard them all. This has the yes-and-no reality about it that it would have if you said it about the cantatas of Bach or the quartets of Mozart. Consistency was Hindemith's virtue, but there was more variety in his work than you would suspect on the basis of some descriptions.

Since he loathed phonographs, it's most likely that Hindemith would not have been pleased with this recording project. Nonetheless, as an educational tool, records are invaluable. This set of discs gives us, complete and in one place, an important part of Hindemith's work which had fallen into almost complete neglect, which deserves to be restored to its place in the musical life, and which is central to an understanding of what made him run.

Robert Evett

Correspondence

Bickel Is Wrong

Sirs:

At a time of public agitation, concern and frequent confusion over school desegregation and all its legal, educational and emotional implications, it was extremely disappointing to read. Alexander M. Bickel's appeal to abandon the drive for equal educational opportunity under the current law. ("Desegregation: Where Do We Go From Here," Feb. 7). For, when all was said and done, that was the thrust of his article.

While Professor Bickel's negative conclusions are distressing enough to anyone in Government charged with providing an even educational break to minority children, many of his assumptions of fact are so clearly wrong as to be dangerous if left unchallenged. For as he must be aware, his conclusions will be seized upon by the undisguised enemies of desegregation; but worse by far is the extreme likelihood that the authoritative-sounding "factual" basis for his conclusions will shake the faith that many supporters of desegregation have maintained since the Civil Rights Act of 1964: that school desegregation efforts under law have produced valuable enough results to merit support for the current body of law and its enforcement. They have, and Bickel obscures that fact.

Professor Bickel states that, "The measure of [desegregation] success is

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simply taken." It is not simply taken, any more than the admitted problem areas of desegregation – or resegregation, where he places emphasis – are simply measured, discussed or solved.

Let us see how simple it is *not*. First, he asserts in one brief paragraph that the only success of desegregation efforts so far has been to merely discredit the laws creating dual school systems. To a legal theoretician, that may be the measure of a success. In fact it is but the limited measure of a greater success. There are measures never taken into account by Bickel which have more meaning for those who enforce the law and educators who place great store by a desegregated education. Among them:

1. What of the Coleman Report? It and other studies indicate the clear advantages to disadvantaged students learning in a desegregated environment.

2. What of the 721,261 Negro children (in 1968, possibly twice the number or more today) in former dual school systems who *are* in stable desegregated *situations* (majority white schools for the most part, to be sure)?

Compared with the total segregation of 1954 and the mere dozens of children desegregated in 1964, the accomplishment in terms of children in improved learning situations is comparatively staggering.

3. How does he compare these 721,261 children with the relatively smaller number who have been affected by the existing body of anti-discrimination law in housing, jobs and public accommodations? By comparison, school desegregation under the Brown decision and the Civil Rights Act of 1964 probably has had as much or more impact on the black community as any other public effort in minority rights. Where else would Professor Bickel break the vicious cycle of the disadvantaged minorities, given the realities of the day and the urgency of the need to break that cycle?

4. How does he explain or measure the emerging positive attitude among children, parents and teachers in 13 Southern school districts surveyed by HEW (desegregated in whole or greater part) that "it is much better than we thought"? Does the survey not portend something valuable but too easily overlooked and unmeasured in white flight statistics of the moment?

This is not to overlook the great job still to be done in many dual school systems. Even less do I want to shrug off resegregation as a problem – certainly not to the extent that Professor Bickel shrugged off the value of the law and its enforcement.

Resegregation is a fact of life. It is an especially obvious fact in large urban areas. (Even though I reject a thesis which selects school desegregation as the sole cause of white flight from urban centers, and ignores increasing city blight and crime statistics.) But it is a problem which local educators recognize, which some local and state officials are trying to cope with on a voluntary basis, and which the courts and Congress may soon be called upon to try to solve. How it can be met is not yet clear, although some urban and suburban districts are trying to work out joint education exchanges and other projects.

Yes, the elimination of discrimination in schools is "enormously difficult." It is our belief that the task is worthwhile not only because it is constitutionally required, but even more, because it is essential to a sound national education policy and to a sound basis of American society.

The alternative Professor Bickel suggests, that black schools be retained without further attempts to desegregate them, and that we "try to proceed with education," constitutes in fact a conscious policy of isolation of black children, and mandates further isolation of the black community as adults.

Certainly, as he urges, "energies and resources ought to go into training teachers, and into all manner of experimental attempts to improve the quality of education." The Administration has tried to encourage Congress to direct federal funds for such purposes, as opposed to such costly education-related uses as aid to impacted areas.

But the money spent to date on desegregation by the Department of Justice and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, perhaps $20-million over the past five and one-half years since passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, is an expenditure which should be maintained and increased as educational experimentation goes on.

For there is no reason in the world why school desegregation and the pursuit of excellence in education need be mutually exclusive, and there is every reason in the world, on the basis of the record to date and the willingness of thousands of American citizens to make it work, why the two aims should work together, each in advancement of the other.

It is my hope that readers of *The New Republic* will realize that there is a workable, if difficult, alternative to the stark situation of racial isolation which Professor Bickel insists is the only road left open to us. It depends, however, on a public spirt of hope and industry, not one of defeat based on an incomplete premise of failure.

Leon E. Panetta, Director
Office for Civil Rights, HEW

On the day this letter was written, Mr. Panetta resigned his position at HEW. Extended comment on Mr. Bickel's article will appear in forthcoming issues. THE EDITORS.

The Pill

Sirs:

The article by Morton M. Mintz on "The Pill" (January 31) upset me no end. No one goes into the side effects of the thousands of other drugs in daily use in a sensational journalistic manner. Everyday I give antibiotics, digitalis, sedation, CNS depressants, etc. The side effects of these drugs would send most rational people into a state of panic. However, we accept the *calculated risk* for the desired benefit. "The Pill" carries a risk (so does aspirin), but it is one that can be counterbalanced by the theraputic effects to be gained. Women have the right to make this decision with their doctors.

You mentioned other contraceptives. None are foolproof. The best is probably the IUD. It can only be used by a woman who has already borne children, preferably more than one. Diaphragms and condoms may be jarred loose. Foams and jellies are never recommended for absolute contraception. Sterilization or continence seem to be the only safe choices. Neither seems too good to me.

S. Jean Snyder, R.N.
New York City

Kauffmann, *from page 19*

which speakers deal with the audience, and the third, in which speakers deal with another figure on stage. Here the speakers' subject is themselves, an "I" composed of both of them, male and female, who proceeds from the sentence "I came into the world" through the acquisition of awareness, physical abilities, moral education and remis-

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sion, habits, self-doubts, to the conclusion:

> I am not what I was. I was not what I should have been. I did not become what I should have become. I did not keep what I should have kept.
> I went to the theater. I heard this piece. I spoke his piece. I wrote this piece.

Kaspar, the major play in the book, is based on the idea – not the story – of Kaspar Hauser, whose life was also the subject of a once-famous novel by Jakob Wassermann. Kaspar was a boy of sixteen who suddenly appeared in the streets of Nuremberg one day in 1828, without a word of any language and with no name. After being taught language and acquiring a name, he said that his only recollection was of being in a dark hole all his life. He died five years later of a knife-wound, possibly self-inflicted. There is no reference to the story in Handke's play, no historical setting; the idea is used only as a metaphor of delayed "birth."

Most of the play is printed in double columns: one column for Kaspar's actions and words, the second for the (simultaneous) words of the "prompters" – at least three speakers who are never seen and whose voices, says Handke, may be pre-recorded. Those voices relate to Kaspar as teacher, chorus, censor, mocker, torturer – creating a largeness in which he is invisibly contained. Kaspar arrives with only one sentence in his mouth, which he repeats frequently: "I want to be a person like somebody else was once." Through the course of sixty-five brief sections, the prompters educate him in speech and cognitions, deliver him from the womb of relative wordlessness into the world of words, and their consequences. He splits – under pressure – into several other Kaspars who move and gesticulate around him; and growing more and more eloquent, he bursts at last into a huge outburst about his new power-weakness. He ends – as the curtains jerk closed in five steps – with five statements of Othello's towering cry of disgust: "Goats and monkeys." There is also an intermission during which Handke suggests that fragments of speeches by presidents and popes and by writers and poets at official functions should be piped over loudspeakers into the lobby and even out into the street. He supplies a possible text.

This last suggests Ionesco, but it is the only section that does suggest him: Handke does not generally work with a mosaic of banalities to depict horror. Artaud, too, might seem nearby because of the attacks on traditional theater and the air of torment that hangs over these works; but Handke renounces neither literature nor psychology, nor the culture that contains them: he is working *through* that culture as through a cavern or a tunnel. It is Beckett, I think, who has been strongly influential on Handke, but not *Waiting for Godot* – with which *Kaspar* has been compared abroad: rather two novels, *The Unnamable* and *How It Is*. In those two books Beckett moved from volubility to painful broken gasps; Handke reverses that order, but the theme is similar: there is no way to be conscious without being conscious of the agonies of consciousness.

Handke's dramatic technique seems to me less related to *Godot* than to *Play*, interwoven and polyphonic in verbal structure, rather than serially progressive. All three of the plays in Handke's book present marvelous opportunities for directors and actors who have eyes and ears and imagination and courage and who are fed up with the theater as is – even with most of the proposed improvements.

Michael Roloff has carefully translated what must have been difficult material – not only because of usual matters of nuance but because of necessary synchronizations and sound patterns. I cannot comment on the result specifically, not really knowing German; the English as much seems taut, nicely modeled, speakable. But a young friend of mine who made a translation of Handke's first piece three years ago, for study purposes, suggests that "speak-in" is a rather modish translation of *Sprechstück*, which literally means "speaking-piece"; and that *Offending the Audience* is not quite the sense of *Publikumsbeschimpfung*, which is harsher, *Beschimpfen* means to insult, to revile, to abuse. *Kaspar* is announced for production next season under the direction of Herbert Berghof, who knows German and is able, if necessary, to refine the translation.

There will be more to be said of Handke as these plays are produced and as more work of his is translated. Meanwhile, the good news is that we have a new dramatist of genuine significance, who's very much a product of his age but who has found his own way to reach the bright burning point at which existence begins; to see how terrible and precious that point is; and who has the gift to put his vision in theatrical modes that cry out for performance. Caliban says to Prospero:

> You taught me language; and my profit on't
> Is, I know how to curse.

Handke seems to agree; but he also knows that language cannot be unlearned and that cursing is one way of clarifying self and being.

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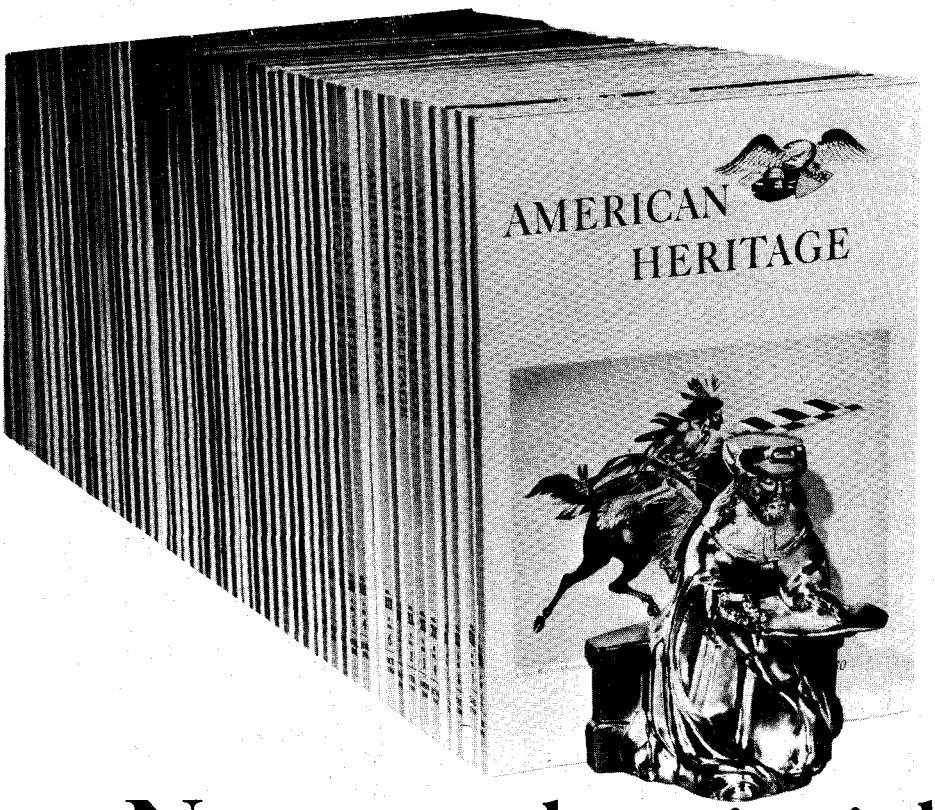

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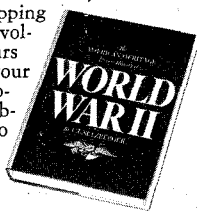

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